Week ending June 1 1957 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

ARE DOCTORS REALLY UNDERPAID?

Complete Stories by DORIS LESSING, DAPHNE ROOKE and MARK DERBY

The latest HORNBLOWER by C. S. Forester

How odd. This happy lady with the roses writes novels with titles like *More Work For The Undertaker . . .* *The Fashion in Shrouds . . .* *Tiger in the Smoke.* Yes . . .

Yes . . . it *is* Margery Allingham! If you were to look in at her beautiful house in Essex, you might find her hard at work on chapter nineteen, but you wouldn't find her in tears or moodily firing a revolver.

And if there were something to celebrate, such as your visit, or her birthday, or a nibble from a film company.—why, she'd offer you Martini. Real Martini, with the unique Martini flavour. Martini from a Martini bottle. Shall we call? What do you say, Miss Allingham?

Better drink

MARTINI

Sweet or Dry

JOHN BULL

189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

CHANCERY 3344 . JUNE 1, 1957 VOLUME 101 NUMBER 2657

IN THIS ISSUE

Stories

THE BOUNDARY DOG *by Daphne Rooke* 12
MR. BOLES AND MR. HARTLEY *by Doris Lessing* 20
THINKING OF JUDY *by Mark Derby* 23

Articles

DANGER MARK FOR BRITAIN'S WATER *by Harry Hopkins* 7
THE GREAT GUITAR CRAZE HITS FORTISSIMO *by Robert Holles* 10
ARE OUR DOCTORS UNDERPAID? *by Dr. Brian Anson* 15
DREAM HOMES ON WHEELS *by Peter Jackson* 22

Serials

HORNBLOWER AND ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY (Part 2) *by C. S. Forester* 16
BEST FOOT FORWARD (Part 5) *by Colin Hodgkinson* 18

Features

FREE SPEECH: 4. THE COVER: 4. YOUR GARDEN AND MINE: 24. IDEAS: 24, 26, 35, 37. JOKES: 27, 30, 32, 35, 38. STRANGE TALES OF THE SEA: 28. STARKE'S HOLIDAY GUIDE BOOK: 31. A BOUQUET FROM A FELLOW ROSEMAN: 33. MY BROTHER GEORGE: 37.

REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Robert Graves—"last of the old-fashioned writers"

ROBERT GRAVES, whose poem "A Bouquet From A Fellow Roseman" is on page 33, has been hailed as one of the great poets of our time. He has published several volumes of poetry, but he says: "No man is entitled to expect that he can write more than four or five good poems in a lifetime." Although he regards himself primarily as a poet, Graves is equally well known as novelist, historian, biographer and translator. He calls himself "perhaps the last of the old-fashioned writers—I live entirely by my pen."

He says that he works slowly. But already he has written more than ninety books, and the older he grows the more he writes. This year he expects to have nine or ten books published, four of them are already out.

Graves works seven to eight hours a day, seven days a week, in his home at Deya, on the Spanish Mediterranean island of Majorca, where he lives with his second wife and three of their four children—the eldest is at school at Oundle. By his first wife Graves also had four children. ("There are thirty-four years between my eldest child and my youngest.")

He visits Britain each year "to buy shirts and renew contacts," and keeps in touch with the world by getting British newspapers. "The English language is my most precious possession," he says.

At sixty-two, Graves is a big, vigorous man, with a nose broken in a rugby game. A great family man, he finds no difficulty in working with his children around him. "Anyone who tries to get rid of the children so that he can write in peace is probably a bad writer anyway," he says.

ONCE, while South African authoress Daphne Rooke was visiting New Zealand, she was climbing a mountain when she saw a dog chained at the top of a long slope. Unable to contain her curiosity, and thinking that somebody had left it there as a punishment, she toiled for hours to reach it. Then she turned it loose.

The next day she saw it again, and resolved to repeat her performance. "But I was intercepted by a shepherd," she says, "and he explained, quite forcibly, just what the dog was there for—to keep sheep away." The incident had one sequel: her story, *The Boundary Dog*, which begins on page 12.

Daphne Rooke has written four novels and three children's books, but admits to being unmethodical—a trait which her sixteen-year-old daughter works hard to correct. "On my New Zealand trip," says Daphne Rooke, "I was supposed to keep a record of the journey in letters to her. But after I had described an earth tremor in Wellington the day I arrived, and the people and the food, I never mentioned the country at all."

Everywhere under the sun

Wherever your car, or your feet, or the train may take you, take your LI-LO with you. If the grass is still wet, or the sand too sandy, don't miss those precious hours (or minutes) of sun. Lounge at your ease on a LI-LO Air-Bed, relax in comfort on a LI-LO Air-Chair—and you'll double the length of your holiday sun-time.

"Beach Ball" Brightly coloured beach balls with push-in valves which do not require plugs. The 15" ball has six panels; the 9" and 11" four panels.

"Kiddies' Dinghy" In tough double-faced rubberised fabric with rope holds and safety line. In orange and blue only.

"Elephant" A new addition to the colourful range of all-rubber inflatable beach animals.

"Marvel" A guaranteed LI-LO Air-Bed at a popular price. 72" x 29" deflated, with plain bolster-type pillow and taped reeds.

"Fish Ring" In two sizes—large and small—the Fish Ring is one of the popular range of all-rubber inflatable animal rings.

it's LI-LO for leisure

P. B. COW & COMPANY LTD., 12 HAY HILL, BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

Tell me Doctor!

"WHY do you always use Wright's Coal Tar Soap?"

"Well, you see, Mrs. Smith, I just have to keep my hands soft and sensitive so that I can diagnose troubles and, above all, must keep them free from germs.

"There are lots of good soaps, but I believe that Wright's serves these purposes better than any soap I know."

If Wright's Coal Tar Soap does this for Doctors, surely it can do the same for you and your children. A kinder soap, a better soap.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR TOILET SOAP

The Golden Tablet in Bath & Toilet sizes

Cooltan for a quick safe TAN

Cooltan gives a deep, rich tan without risk; stops the sun's harmful burn rays—allowing only the vital tan rays to pass. No blistering, peeling or flaking. Sold everywhere: Tubes 2/3d, 3/9d, or 4/9d (economy size). Coppatan Sun Tan Oil, 3/11 and SUN OIL Aerosol SPRAYS for press-button protection, 8/9d.

THIS is the Gin...

...FOR A PERFECT 'GIN AND FRENCH'

There's no doubt about it —'Gin and French' made with Gordon's* is the perennial reviver and appetizer-in-chief to the whole civilized world!

If you want to be among the experts . . . make it like this : Mix 2/3 GORDON'S with 1/3 French Vermouth and serve with a twist of lemon peel. The experts have good reason for using Gordon's . . . for Gordon's Gin is the Heart of a Good Cocktail.

*ASK FOR IT BY NAME

Gordon's
Stands Supreme

Maximum Prices:
Bot. 34/6 · ½ Bot. 18/- · ¼ Bot. 9/5 · Miniature 3/8 · U.K. only

Free Speech

- Can your child read your mind?
- Wrecking a room with rhubarb
- The air-driven railway that failed

YOUNG children seem to be telepathic. Until my four sons were five years old it was asking for trouble to think about anything in their presence that I didn't want mentioned.

They were particularly sensitive to ice cream, and even when I have thought of a *pink* one the child has asked for that particular flavour.

Babies cry at night, but if a mother is satisfied that all is well and returns to bed thinking—and meaning—"Well, cry as much as you like, I'm taking no more notice," the baby stops. — MRS. N. I. HORN, Watton, Thetford, Norfolk.

"People who live together and have strong bonds of affection often think in a similar way," says an expert. "A casual word, or a scent or sound, frequently start the same trains of thought in both. And the baby stops crying, perhaps, because it is tired of crying anyway—which the mother may have subconsciously noticed."

Stores For Tristan

Like D. M. Booy ("Loneliest Island In The World," JOHN BULL, April 27) I am among the few people who have landed on Tristan Da Cunha. During the war the ship in which I served was the first to call there with stores for six months, and words can't describe the looks on the faces of the Tristan men who met us in a long boat three miles out to sea. — T. MAGEE, Andersonstown, Belfast.

. . . The Tristan Pillow Dance used to be performed in Cumberland, although it was then called the Cushion Dance. I've also heard my mother talk of the Heel And Toe Polka, which was popular in the late nineteenth century.—MRS. E. W. BIRKETT, Slaggyford, Carlisle.

Roots Of The Trouble

I recently heard of a new house in which the dining-room floorboards were bulging and even the concrete floor of the scullery was being pushed upwards by growing rhubarb. The house had been built over a former

market-garden which had been insufficiently cleared and it cost much time and expense to put right.—J. B., Grangetown, Sunderland.

"Rhubarb could certainly do this," says a botanist. "Even in darkness, plants react to gravity by growing their roots towards the earth's centre and their stems away from it. Many of them can penetrate bitumen-covered paths or thin concrete."

Roses For Christmas

In Charles Reade's novel, *The Cloister And The Hearth*, I read a description of fifteenth-century German girls wearing wreaths of roses in their hair in mid-winter. Apparently the roses were cut in bud and laid in earthenware vases between layers of salt in much the same way as beans are salted away today. Does this really work?—MRS. D. YOST, Alperton, Middlesex.

"I've never tried salt," says a rose-grower, "but my grandfather used to cut roses when the buds were still tight closed, leaving fifteen-inch stems. He split each stem for two inches, sheathed the split in sealing wax and adhesive tape; wrapped the roses in tissue paper and kept them in a sealed tin in a cool place. They bloomed three months later when he cut off the wax and placed them in water."

Feeling Their Feet

How badly we abuse our feet! We encase them in leather for three-quarters of their lives and are always standing about on pavements and in shops, stations and airports. In India, however, the oriental looks after his

feet. He sits on the ground anywhere without inhibition; washes his feet frequently, in public if necessary, and keeps them fresh and cool on railway journeys by hanging them out of the window. I've seen trains pass a-bristle with bare brown feet.

So fallen arches, corns and bunions are rare, and the graceful walk of Indian men and women must be seen to be believed.—MRS. K. L. SIMMS, Carnamena Avenue, Castlereagh, Belfast.

Pumphouse Church

Although some Wesleyan chapels are now being used for other purposes ("Free Speech," April 27) there's a reverse example at Starcross, Devonshire.

There, a stone building with a square tower now used as a chapel was originally a pumping station for Brunel's atmospheric railway. Trains were propelled by air pressure and suction acting on pistons.—M. CROSS, Mandrake Road, London, S.W.17.

The Victorian engineer I. K. Brunel tried this system when the South Devon Railway began laying its track from Exeter to Plymouth in 1846. Ten pumping stations set up at three-mile intervals fed a continuous air pipe laid between the rails. But Brunel's much criticized "atmospheric caper" failed because of the destructive action of iron and water on the numerous leather valves. It was abandoned after two years, having lost the railway £400,000.

Beneficial Birds

I hope that the many kind-hearted people who feed our birds won't be too easily influenced by M. S., of Middlesex ("Free Speech," May 4). I have watched, studied and bred British birds for nearly thirty years and find that the woodpigeon is the only one which does more harm than good. He is shy of suburban gardens and would scorn scraps from bird tables anyway.

Starlings and so-called sparrows, many of which are hedge sparrows, eat vast quantities of insects and grubs which would otherwise destroy crops. —J. H. BRIANT (member of the Avicultural Society), Stone Road, Stafford.

"Hedge sparrows are indeed beneficial," says a Ministry of Agriculture publication, "but house sparrows, taking the year as a whole, appear to do more harm to farms and gardens than good. The starling, at one time a beneficial, insect-eating bird, has increased in numbers so much that it has been forced to change its feeding habits."

Cocky Youngsters

W. S., of Kent, criticizes women shorthand-typists ("Free Speech," May 4). In my experience as an employer the most incompetent ones are some of those cocky youngsters straight from commercial college.

They have no business experience but a collection of certificates. But they seem to think that they're in a position to tell employees of long standing, and even the management, how to run the business to the lamentable refrain of "My principal says. . . ."

I prefer to select older women. They may not be so up to date in some methods as the youngsters, but they've usually learned respect for employers and are conscientious in their work.—E. S. T., Birmingham.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

MEN! They strut around like peacocks while they push the pram. But as soon as it comes to a simple job that any woman does half a dozen times a day. . . . No, it won't fold that way: anybody can see that—except, of course, the master-mind who is always capable of stripping down the lawnmower while his wife is trying to cope with the children *and* the washing *and*. . . . Ah well! He'll learn, says artist Tanat-Jones. And there speaks the voice of experience: for that's Mrs. Tanat-Jones in the cover painting — holding the baby.

DULUX GLOSS FINISH

FINE PAINT BACKED BY THE TECHNICAL RESOURCES OF I.C.I.

ICI

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED LONDON SWI

DDT. 58

My mother says I make a ridiculous fuss about my tennis shoes but you can't turn up looking just *anyhow* when you're playing and my shoes look *incredibly* white when I've done them with that Meltonian stuff. I mean it almost looks as though I play tennis well. And it's so easy to put on with that gimmick on the end of the tube if you use the thick kind. (And *all* you do is just sponge it on if you use the Sports White kind.)

Meltonian

WONDER WHITE
SPORTS WHITE CLEANER
AND EASY WHITE TUBE

The perfect white cleaners for all white shoes and sports equipment

H4

moving pictures

Here is exciting news for you and your family. With this brilliant little Bolex cine camera you can take real *moving* pictures at very little more cost than ordinary still snapshots. Yes, it's true. Personal movie making—the fascinating hobby that you will enjoy all your life, is now well within your pocket.

are not expensive

50 feet of cine film, costing about 25s., gives you 30 good length action shots. Developing is free, so each shot costs approximately 10½d., or even less if you take a lot of brief shots.
The ambition of most cine camera users is to own a Bolex, precision built by Swiss watchmaker craftsmen, so, if you are just starting cine, you are lucky, you can enjoy from the beginning the extra pleasure only Bolex can bring you. For performance, for results, for reliability, the Bolex, for just a little extra expenditure, stands alone. To confirm this, ask any good photographic dealer.

easier than snapshots

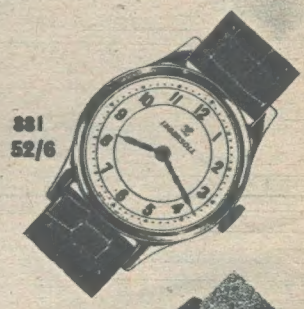
Taking cine films with the Bolex is easier, yes, actually easier than taking snapshots. You simply press the button and shoot. It's as simple as that. Send now for full information on this exciting Bolex cine camera or see one at your local stockists and start making your own moving pictures this summer.

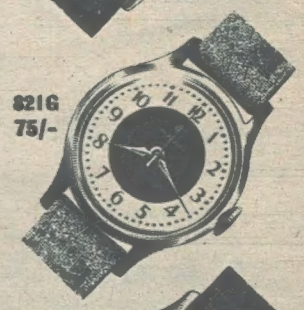
BOLEX *cine camera*

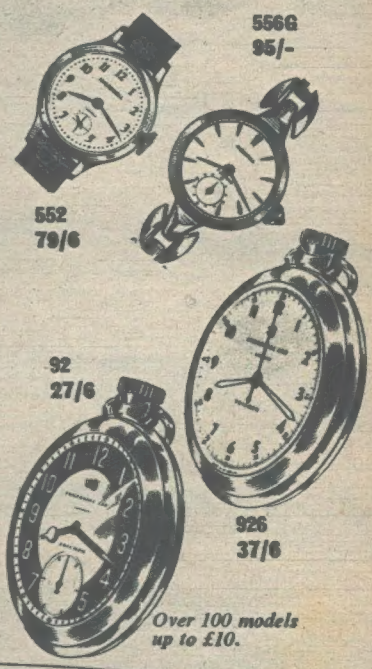
Swiss precision built and sold in Britain for 25 years.

H. Cinex Ltd., 9-10 North Audley Street, London, W.1.

There's an Ingersoll for everyone!







The whole family can take their time from Ingersoll!
There are models for fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, at prices to suit every pocket.
A sturdy, reliable Ingersoll is the ideal holiday watch, and the perfect gift for that examination prize.
And remember—every Ingersoll is covered by the famous all-in free-service GUARANTEE—*even against accidental breakage.*

Here are some typical models from the latest Ingersoll range of ladies' 7-jewelled and men's 5-jewelled models. All are available in chromed or golden finish cases, with stainless steel backs, many with matching bracelets. The men's Ingersolls include water-protected 'Sealions', sweep centre seconds models and plain or Radiolite dials.
Ladies' Ingersolls now from as little as 79/6, men's from 52/6.
Sturdy pocket watches from 27/6, including centre seconds models, gilt half-hunters and sports timers.

Jewels are essential for wrist watch accuracy. That's why your Jeweller recommends jewelled Ingersoll.

Over 100 models up to £10.

INGERSOLL

Write for illustrated price list:
Ingersoll Ltd., Ingersoll House, Kingsway, London W.C.2.

AT YOUR JEWELLERS

"FITTING WEEK"

FOR THE BROADER FOOT

P878o. For the broader foot.
Cool summer sandal shoe with cross-over straps — elasticised gussets for a firm fit. Black, Blue or Beige kid. 30 Shape. In sizes and half sizes 2—9. Price **69/11**

Look for the name—

Portland
STYLE · COMFORT
SHOES

PORTLAND SHOES LTD., (DEPT. 52), LEICESTER

In Britain today many people still live in homes without water. Supply cannot keep pace with the country's raging thirst. The system is an engineering chaos, and local pride and parish pump politics strangle development...and menace your life

by HARRY HOPKINS

Shortage in the towns. . . . A new reservoir to serve London's growing needs will be ready at Walton-on-Thames—in five years' time. It will hold 4,300 million gallons

Danger mark for Britain's water

THE Shropshire village of Cardington lies a few minutes' drive off the A49, the busy Shrewsbury-Hereford highway. Old stone cottages cluster cosily around the massive tower of a thirteenth-century church. Gnarled fruit trees lean over garden walls. It is, in short, the sort of place that sends summer tourists into raptures. But, as Mrs. Roberts will tell you if given half a chance, it has other, less picturesque aspects.

Mrs. Roberts lives in a small house in the shadow of that venerable church tower. And, first thing every morning, rain or shine, she or one of her two sons is to be seen leaving the house, carrying a bucket in each hand. She walks a quarter of a mile down the road with her two buckets to crank the arm of the parish pump. Each evening she repeats the journey.

"Perhaps it doesn't look so bad now, when the sun is shining," she said. "But it isn't much fun in winter, I can tell you, when the rain's driving across or the road is icy."

Mrs. Roberts is not alone in these daily exercises. She shares them with most of the villagers of picturesque Cardington. Occasionally, however, there is a variation in the routine. Last winter, for instance, frost put the pump out of action and it was weeks before it was repaired. Meanwhile villagers walked instead to the only other public water supply, St. James's Well, contaminated and condemned as unsafe by the district medical officer.

There is a well-built school opposite the church, where the education authorities, in conformity with progressive modern ideas, have repainted all the classroom doors a fetching raspberry red. A school meals van delivers ready-cooked lunches. But if any of her thirty-two young charges should want a drink of water, Mrs. Harley, the headmistress, must send him or her out with a kettle to ask Mrs. Morgan, who keeps the village shop, if she'd be so kind. Mrs. Morgan is fortunate: she has a private pump.

Some time ago the county authorities planned a police house in the field behind the school. Since to maintain police recruitment is important and, compared with the rural district council (which is responsible for village water), the county council is superlatively wealthy, a fine bore-hole was at once put down in the field to supply water for the police house. Later, the plan for the house was cancelled. The bore-hole is still there, full of excellent water, no farther away than a child might

Shortage in the country. . . . At Cardington, in Shropshire, the village pump is Veda Roberts's only source of water. She has to carry her buckets half a mile

TV aerials line the rooftops, but water must be bought from a cart—

throw a stone. But the children still depend for the satisfaction of their thirst on the kind heart, fortunately unfailing, of Mrs. Morgan.

The women of the village held an indignation meeting. They sent a delegation to the rural district council. For these days water has become a red-hot topic through much of the English countryside. With a thriving agriculture and a rising standard of rural life, what was good enough for grandmama is no longer good enough for the countrywoman of 1957. "When we get on to water at our Women's Institute meetings," says Mrs. Harley, "everything else goes by the board." Tales of "bugs" in wells, of broken-down and frozen-up pumps, of stinking and contaminated water pour forth in a horrific stream.

Not very far from Cardington, the substantial village of Ruyton of the Eleven Towns straggles for a mile or so along the road. It is obviously a prosperous village: there's an Oddfellows' Hall, a Victoria Reading Room, several pubs and garages, many good brick houses and well-provided farmsteads. Television aerials punctuate the rooftops. Yet when it comes to the most elemental needs of life Ruyton is strangely ill-equipped. Hundreds of its inhabitants must buy their water from a tanker at a halfpenny a gallon. It is much as it must have been in the Middle Ages, except that now the watercart is petrol-driven and belongs to the rural district council.

At 8.30 a.m. each Tuesday and Friday, Mrs. Mary Jones is at her door with her six-gallon churn, waiting for the tanker on its water-round.

For Mrs. Jones water is a major housekeeping preoccupation. If the weather should be dry, every drop has to be watched. Water left over from two-year-old David's Saturday bathnight may have to be kept for boiling the clothes in Monday's wash.

"You just have to make do with fewer rinses, that's all," says Mrs. Jones.

Six miles or so to Ruyton's south-west, lying low in the great loop between the River Vyrnwy and the Severn, stands the village of Melverley, locally known as "Melverley-God-Help-Us" because for years each winter would see it under water and each summer, bone-dry.

Today, river control schemes have cut out the floods; but the contrary affliction remains. And now a new threat is facing Melverley-God-Help-Us, as it faces many rural areas. For such wells as the place has—too often shallow and old—are contaminated. And under the Ministry of Agriculture's increasingly pressed "Attested" and "T.T." cattle schemes, there are stringent regulations for the daily washing out of cowsheds, for the cleansing and sterilizing of utensils.

More solicitous for the welfare of the nation's cows than some of his colleagues have hitherto been for that of its human beings, the Minister keeps close watch on the farms—and now, in Melverley and district it has been indicated that if something isn't done about the water pretty quickly, milk production may have to be stopped altogether.

It can thus be seen that a reliable rural water supply becomes a matter of importance not only for Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Jones, but for the health and economic security of the nation.

In fact, the inadequacy of Britain's water supplies today is far from being confined to rural areas: it is chronic and nationwide. Thirty dry days—and water engineers in many parts of Britain are watching the level of their reservoirs with anxious eyes.

In the winter of 1955-56, there were acute difficulties in towns all the way from Cornwall to Edinburgh. In Durham, a quarter of a million people had the supply to their homes cut off. In Wakefield, too, the standpipes were set up in the streets and enterprising local children were to be seen retailing buckets of water for coppers. In Guildford, in the Surrey dormitory belt, people had to queue with jugs beside the tankers. Cardiff hotels, under orders, took the tops off their bathroom taps. In Ebbw Vale, the finishing department of Richard Thomas and Baldwin's steelworks nearly had to shut down.

Britain, which in these fifties so boldly pioneers in the harnessing of the atom, has not, ironically, proved able to secure for herself the first need of the most simple civilized community: a pure and dependable water supply.

When the women of Cardington meet to discuss their poor water supply, there are often tales of "bugs" in wells, of broken-down or frozen-up pumps, and of stinking and contaminated water

The waterworks at Chideock, Devon, is simply a storage tank filled by an underground stream. Two pipes supply the village by "gravity feed"

"The water board will be the biggest parasites this county has seen," said Mr. G. H. Morris, of Hereford R.D.C.

OUR present water chaos, which could so easily become a water crisis, is a triumph of that British quality variously called "muddling through" and the "gift of compromise"—represented in this instance by a persistent attempt to adapt nineteenth-century, and even eighteenth-century, forms to the service of twentieth-century needs.

Britain's water supply is in the hands of over one thousand undertakings of all sorts and sizes, municipal corporations, urban and rural district councils, statutory and non-statutory public companies.

They range from a few highly developed undertakings like the Metropolitan Water Board to miniscule concerns like the Chideock Waterworks Company supplying about 600 people of the village of Chideock in Dorset (baths 5s. per annum extra).

The boundaries of these concerns are determined not by the logic of water engineering but by historical accident. Sometimes—in contrast to waterless Cardington—the pipes of two or three rival undertakings run beside each other, serving different houses in the same street.

The village of Ruyton furnishes an object lesson on the way in which parish pump politics and outlook have bedevilled Britain's water supply. For Ruyton *did* have a chance to have its own piped water back in the thirties. But the supply scheme would have covered only houses in the village itself. So the inhabitants of the

as in the Middle Ages

outlying homes — which would not directly benefit—voted it down.

Triumphantly the parish pump creaked on.

Then, after the war, the rural district council, moving with the times, called in a water consultant to prepare a larger scheme. Since the two rural districts of Ellesmere and Oswestry, which includes Ruyton, run side by side, the expert advised that they should have a joint water supply system. A scheme was prepared for a comprehensive network which would have given all the villages a modern piped supply. The plans were finalized. Work was about to start. Then Ellesmere Rural District (whose population was 9,490; rateable value £33,553) suddenly withdrew. Councillors feared that Oswestry Rural District (pop. 20,750; rateable value £84,357) which had a water engineer (while they hadn't) was going to boss them about. And the scheme would put up the rates.

Now, after several more years of delay, both rural districts have prepared schemes of their own.

They will have reservoirs within yards of each other. Their pipes will run side by side. There will be two separate waterworks engineering staffs.

To the southward, Herefordshire is a black spot. The overwhelming majority of the population is without public water supply. But once again the same tragi-comedy of the parish pump is being played out. A Ministry of Housing and Local Government engineer pointed out that the county has a wealth of clear streams and rivers. To tap these properly would require a comprehensive scheme. The ministry therefore proposed a joint-county water board to establish, at a cost of £2,500,000, an all-county, all-village piped water network.

The result of this technical opinion was an immediate and prolonged uproar. Out of the fourteen small local authorities involved, ten voted against the plan.

"The water board," declaimed Councillor G. H. Morris, of the Hereford Rural District, "will be the biggest board of parasites this county has ever seen."

Bitterest of all were the elected representatives of the stately cathedral city of Hereford. For Hereford has had its own waterworks for a century and recently modernized them. "Is the Conservative Government becoming Communist?" demanded Councillor H. C. Watkins, in the city council chamber.

Local pride is good, yet today the nation's water supply can no longer be left at the mercy of such narrow loyalties. For as millions of new houses are erected, all equipped with bathrooms and lavatories, as the standard of living rises and industry expands, Britain is developing a galloping thirst with which only the most massive and well-directed engineering effort can hope to keep pace.

In 1851 Manchester City Corporation was obliged, by steadily growing demand for water, to take the revolutionary step of going out to the Longdendale Valley of Derbyshire to bring in supplies. But by the seventies a water famine was again threatening. This time the city went farther afield, to Thirlmere in the Lake District. By the end of the century, the ninety-six mile pipe from Thirlmere was carrying 55 million gallons a day.

New pipelines from Thirlmere were laid, stepping up the supply in 1904, 1915 and 1927. But still the city's mighty thirst could not be quenched for long. In the thirties work was started on Haweswater, also in the Lake District, damming the lake and "drowning" the village of Mardale.

Two years ago the first water from Haweswater sparkled out of Manchester taps, flowing down an eighty-mile pipeline which passes, en route, along five specially constructed bridges over rivers and through thirty-one miles of tunnels in the hills.

Mrs. Priscilla Rogers can give her daughter Susan, 2½, only one bath a week—for it takes three buckets of water, and they must be carried three hundred yards from Cardington's pump

Yet despite all these titanic engineering efforts, in 1956 Manchester, still thirsty, was hunting for water again, planning a dam across the Swindale Valley. Most of our great cities can tell a similar story.

The fight for water has contributed some of the most stirring chapters to the history of British local self-government. Yet only the greatest cities, commanding immense resources, have a chance of keeping pace with Britain's raging thirst.

Even London, supplied by the giant Metropolitan Water Board with its £10 million a year income, faces difficult problems for the future. For, with one-fifth of the nation's population, Greater London possesses no great mountain watershed to fill the board's 138 reservoirs and 8,700 miles of pipe. Of the 322 million gallons that it supplies every day, two-thirds is drawn from the Thames above Teddington, and one-sixth from the River Lea.

Because navigation and sewerage must be safeguarded, the law puts a limit on the amount of water that can be taken out of the Thames.

The remainder of London's water comes from deep wells in the chalk. And, as increasing demands have been made upon it, the level of the water in many parts of this great subterranean natural reservoir beneath London has been steadily falling. Since it was sunk in 1851, the water in one of the Bank of England's wells has dropped three hundred feet. A fall of five to fifteen feet a year is common. In the Thames estuary area, wells, already fallen several hundred feet below sea level, are now being polluted by the inflow of brackish water.

Meanwhile, growing year by year, London's thirst has reached the level of a consumption averaging fifty gallons of water a head a day.

This dependence on the uncertain flow of rivers and wells is at present general in an area of England south and east of a line from Weymouth to Flamborough Head. As more and more land is built over (thus preventing slow seepage to replenish underground supplies), as more and more rivers become badly polluted, such supplies are increasingly in peril.

Water engineers are well aware of the threat. Since the war many millions of pounds have been spent on building up our water supplies: storage capacity has been increased by twenty-five per cent.

All over the country, excavators are clawing into the earth, preparing the ground for new reservoirs. In Cheshire, where wells often strike brine, the water authorities have undertaken new works on Bala Lake. The Sunderland and South Shields Water Company and the Durham County Water Board plan to spend £7¾ million building a new reservoir on the River Derwent, inundating a thousand acres of farmland. The Metropolitan Water Board prepares to link up the Thames and the Lea reservoirs, on the other side of London, with a water-carrying tunnel.

Even at Cardington, but for Macmillan's capital cuts, Mrs. Roberts might soon have been

Continued on page 31

The great guitar craze hits fortissimo

by ROBERT HOLLES

It sounds easy to make music this way. So the non-stop flow of student minstrels means brisk business for Ivor Mairants

Rock 'n' roll guitarist Tommy Steele playing in a TV show. He designed a "Tommy Steele"

Mairants testing guitars. Some of his pupils are now playing with London's big-name bands

A FEW months ago, Ivor Mairants, principle of the Central School of Dance Music in London, stepped on to an airliner bound for Prague. He had been invited to go there by a leading firm of musical instrument wholesalers in London, to inspect a new consignment of guitars. "The recent craze for guitar playing had dried up the supply of good instruments, nearly all of which come from abroad," says Mairants. "As a result, a considerable number of inferior guitars began to appear on the market."

In a large workshop, Mairants carefully examined row after row of finished instruments. "I told the Czechs that the finger-boards were not up to specification. They were astonished. They had been selling guitars as fast as they could make them and nobody had criticized their work before."

Mairants considers his insistence justifiable. One of his recent pupils, a farmworker, had bought a guitar which was almost impossible to play. "He completely missed the strings and failed to play a note."

From the school's headquarters near Cambridge Circus, Mairants, a suave, polished performer who often works eighteen hours at a stretch but never seems in a hurry, organizes personal tuition and postal courses in guitar playing for students from all parts of the world.

He attributes the new enthusiasm for guitar playing to the popularity of the skiffle group and rock 'n' roll, and the influence of ballad and blues specialists like Burl Ives and Josh White, reinforced at a cultural level by such modern masters of the instrument as Segovia and the young Londoner, Julian Bream. "One of the great attractions of playing the guitar," says Mairants, "is that it all sounds so easy."

In 1956 guitar sales at a prominent London music shop expanded by more than two hundred per cent, and the demand for instructional manuals increased tenfold. Most of the increased trade in guitars was for instruments of the metal-stringed "plectrum" variety, and the classical Spanish type, as distinct from the highly expensive electric guitars, which need an amplifier and expert handling, and the Hawaiian guitar, which has been virtually ignored. Many of the new customers were young people who were obviously unfamiliar with the instrument they were buying. One of them asked for a "spectrum" guitar, and another returned an expensive Spanish guitar a few days after he had bought it. "It plays the same note all the time," he complained. Says the music shop manager: "He didn't realize that he had to use his left hand to finger the chords, and expected the instrument to play itself."

When Lonnie Donegan, the leading skiffle player, returned from the United States recently, he was met at the airport by a crowd of enthusiasts, eight of whom carried guitars. Airport officials, afraid that an impromptu skiffle session was about to destroy the decorum of the reception lounge, ushered the enthusiasts outside the barrier. But their anxiety was misplaced; the guitarists only wanted Donegan to sign his autograph on their instruments. The rock 'n' roll guitarist Tommy Steele recently refused a request for a facsimile of his signature from an admirer who wanted to have it tattooed inside a guitar shape on his back.

Amateur guitarists, most of whom accompany themselves vocally, have been appearing with increasing frequency in railway compartments, espresso bars, cafés, public houses and anywhere they can expect to find a sympathetic audience. A nineteen-year-old typist who was missing from home for a month was discovered to have joined a skiffle group which was playing in the bars and cafés of south coast seaside resorts.

The guitar symbol has become a big selling line; cuff-links in the shape of guitars are on sale in all parts of the country. Steele, who wears guitars embroidered along the seams of his

shoe with gold guitar motifs on each toecap

trousers, was approached by a Leicestershire shoe manufacturer who wanted to design a "Tommy Steele" shoe. Steele rejected his design and offered one of his own—in blue suède with gold snakeskin guitar motifs on each toecap. It was immediately adopted.

Although some of Mairants's pupils have no ambition beyond being the life and soul of the party, many others are aspiring professionals who possess a little musical knowledge, and a few are established players who want to extend their range. He has recently taught a West African diplomat, a Chinese dentist, film starlets from the Rank Organization and the Olympic horsewoman Pat Smythe. "She would make an excellent player," he says, "if only she would give up riding."

TEN periods of individual tuition cost £6, and many of the pupils continue their training for a year or more. Some of them travel long distances to attend lessons. A Doncaster lorry driver arranged a course of guitar training to correspond with his trips to London.

Several guitarists, starting from scratch, have passed through the school to become established members of London's big-name bands. One guitar player whom Mairants at first considered to be beyond help recently appeared on a television programme with his own trio. Few of the students lack confidence in their ultimate success. "One of our greatest difficulties," says Mairants, "is to dispose of the belief, held by some of them, that they only need a little final polish to pack the Albert Hall." One of his best pupils, a young woman, became so brilliant that Mairants sent her to the Madrid Conservatoire to finish her studies as a concert guitarist. "But after she had been there for a while," he says, "she became a victim of the country's romantic atmosphere, and she finally went to Seville and got married."

Mairants finds that many of his pupils possess musical ability which they have never exploited. Some of them have rediscovered a latent musical talent "which was stifled in them as children when they were forced to play the piano in the front parlour."

It is possible to learn to play the guitar without music—Josh White plays entirely by ear—but Mairants considers that a sound basis of musical knowledge and appreciation is essential to all instrumentalists. While interviewing a professional guitarist who wanted to improve his style, Mairants played a short piece on his own guitar as a demonstration, then played a recording by the late Charlie Christian, the American coloured player who was one of the first and greatest exponents of the electric guitar. His client preferred Mairants's style. "In that case," Mairants told him, "I can do nothing for you. You have no taste."

Applicants for tuition who turn out to be tone deaf are not accepted. "A good ear," says Mairants's deputy, Eric Gilder, "is the first requisite for musical training."

To prove the "ear" of a new pupil, Gilder strikes a note on the piano and asks the student to sing the same note. But this test is not considered to be entirely conclusive. "Some students," says Gilder, "simply cannot sing in tune." To prove the point he plays the same note again and sings it himself, deliberately off-key. If the pupil is not tone deaf he will notice the disparity and call attention to it.

Recording equipment is used to iron out the faults in a guitarist's technique, a method which is particularly useful where the students have too high an opinion of their abilities. Gilder asks for a sample piece to be played, records it, then plays it back. "They soon realize that it doesn't sound so good."

Mairants, who was born in Poland in 1908 and came to live in London as a child, began his working life in the cloth trade and developed his musical talent as a sideline. At nineteen he became a professional musician, and was soon appearing in a Cochran revue as a member of a banjo quartet. As a guitarist he has performed all over the country with well-known dance bands. In 1945 his career was almost cut short by electrocution when, adjusting a faulty electric guitar which he was about to play during the rehearsal for a Geraldo broadcast at the Paris Cinema in London, he found he could not let go of the instrument. Peter Duncan, the B.B.C. producer, noticed his plight from the sound engineer's box and switched off the current. Says Mairants: "In another eight seconds it would have been all over."

Despite badly scorched fingers he insisted on carrying on with the broadcast. Afterwards he found that his car had been stolen. "The only beneficial result of the evening," he says, "is that all electric guitars are now earthed."

Mairants contends that guitarists, of all instrumentalists, are most likely to become addicts, and considers it essential that their partners in marriage should be sympathetic. "Wives do not always appreciate a husband who spends all his spare time strumming a guitar." But he has never had to cope with the situation in his own family. His wife, who is the school's secretary, has always been fond of guitar music. "After a tiring day," she says, "I always ask Ivor to play one particular Spanish tremolo study which sends me to sleep."

In his dual capacity as school principal and one of the most sought-after dance-band musicians in London, Mairants has become accustomed to crowded hours. On a recent occasion his commitments lasted so far into the night and began so early the following day that he had no time for sleep. By the evening of the second day, when he had an appointment with a new pupil, he was feeling very tired. The pupil turned out to be a Moslem from Zanzibar who was observing the fast of Ramadan.

"I had to go easy with him," says Mairants. "He was even weaker than I was." THE END

Winifred Atwell talks with Mairants, her accompanist. Film stars and an African diplomat have learned the guitar from him

Pat Smythe was taught to play by Mairants. His verdict: "She would make an excellent player if only she would give up riding"

The influence of Julian Bream, a modern master of the guitar, is one reason why the instrument is so popular, says Mairants

The Boundary Dog

by ***DAPHNE ROOKE***

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

It had looked a beauty—the pick of the litter. Now it was whimpering with fear . . . and Jeff wondered where he'd failed

FOR thirty years Jeff had worked as a musterer on the sheep station, one of the largest in New Zealand. Within its boundaries there was a plain and many valleys and hills, and a mountain that caught the first snows of the year. When Jeff was past hard work the Boss allowed him to build a shack on the mountain, and here he lived alone, training dogs and keeping an eye on strays from the main flocks.

Towards the middle of the summer the mountain showed a scanty green among its boulders, but sheep were not allowed a free run because of the pass on the boundary. This pass led to the railway line. It was formed by a ridge and a huge slab of black rock. The ridge was part of a formation that ran the length of the mountain, but the rock was isolated, rising opposite the ridge and standing slightly higher. The surface of the rock was smooth except for a hump of old lava blacker than the rock itself.

Hidden by this hump was a crack which was slowly widening, and it seemed to Jeff that the time was not far off when the rock would split —that it might not stand against the shock of the next earth tremor.

Through the pass so formed by the ridge and this rock a track had been gouged by seasonal torrents. Sheep were likely to wander down this track and, in their heavy fleeces, cast themselves beyond reach of help, or find their way on to the railway line in the valley. Fencing was impossible: the pass was guarded by a boundary dog.

Jeff had trained the dog to signal the approach of sheep to the pass and in ten years there had been no accident. Other dogs had guarded the pass but never with the same success.

He had long had it in mind to train a younger dog for boundary duty as the old dog was deaf, but things went against him in one way and another, and he was caught unprepared when the boundary dog died suddenly. Fortunately, however, he soon had word from the Boss that a collie had thrown a litter, and he went to the homestead one morning to choose a pup to train up in the old dog's place. He stopped first at the musterers' cabin and warned the men to watch out for straying sheep, but he felt anxious all the time that he was away from the pass. The musterers were young men and, like the Boss, he distrusted their light-heartedness.

He chose the pup tenderly, for the boundary dog must lead a lonely existence and he understood from the nature of his own life what loneliness was. Squatting on his heels, he watched the pups for a long time before he took up one to examine it; and the first he touched proved to be the pick of the litter, though it was by no means the heaviest or liveliest. His hands, gnarled but sensitive, felt the quick small beats and moved over body and limbs and head, gauging strength and intelligence. He was proud because he had chosen the pup with eye and brain before he ever touched it. The Boss and his wife stood by and watched with admiration.

When the pup was six weeks old, Jeff took it away from the homestead, carrying it in his pocket. The pup kept quiet on the journey and, when it was set down, scarcely whimpered, but was soon looking about with a mixture of trustfulness and caution. "Brainy," said Jeff, and he began that day to break it to the chain.

After the first day he did not handle it again. He did not give it a name. He did not even think of it by a name, but simply called it "the boundary dog." What the dog did not know it would not miss, so in training it he gave it no rewards, but punished it with the muzzle for disobedience. At the bottom of his methods was a great compassion. The dog was to live a life of solitude at the pass and he strove to keep from it any knowledge of joy: he was toughening it so that it would endure for years.

The training was slow, lasting through the summer, the winter and the next spring. By then the dog had learned thoroughly what Jeff had set out to teach it: to manoeuvre sheep within the limits of its chain and, more important, never to bark unless sheep were approaching.

During this time Jeff also guarded the pass. He got through without losses, but he was close to the end of his strength and glad enough to hand over when, at the beginning of the boundary dog's second summer, he judged it ready for duty.

Two posts had been driven into the ground, and a piece of galvanized fencing wire stretched between, running parallel with the black rock for a distance of about thirty feet. Attached was a six-foot chain on a loop that moved along the wire. There was a kennel in the shadow of the rock, and nearby was a stream making a narrow course down the mountainside. The dog could be left here for days at a time without attention.

All Jeff had to do now, apart from feeding the dog twice a week, was to go up to the pass in answer to the signals and turn the sheep on to the back paddocks where the musterers would pick them up.

The boundary dog had accepted its training with the intelligence that Jeff has discerned. Yet when it was chained at the pass it began to whimper and crouched down with its ears laid back. There was a sort of defiance about it.

The dog could hear the slight sound of the splitting rock, but Jeff mistook the cause of its whimpering and thought that it missed the training-ground, or perhaps, even after all this time, smelled the old dog's traces in the kennel. Therefore he did not go away immediately, but remained with the dog until it had quietened down.

IMMEDIATELY he left it, the dog howled. This was not altogether unexpected, yet he felt a slight irritation since it seemed to show that his methods were imperfect. He thought that the dog would stop howling as soon as he was out of sight, but the howling continued; the dog was wild with fear of the rock.

That night Jeff closed his window against the noise. Usually he enjoyed the evenings. His shack was a box of a place, but was lined with beechwood, and he had a comfortable chair on which was a cretonne cushion, a present from the Boss's wife. He had a battery wireless set and he liked to listen in while he sat by the log fire; sometimes he liked to read. But that night

he had no pleasure, for it seemed to him that the dog cried out against its loneliness, and found an answer in his own heart.

At the approach of the night train the dog's howls rose piercingly after an hour of silence: the rumbling of the train had set up new vibrations in the rock. Jeff was alarmed, catching the panic in the dog's voice. He lit a lantern and went out. The train was coming out of the darkness, redly, like an enemy. It traced the shape of a huge S on the darkened valley, and then it was gone. Nothing there to frighten the dog, Jeff thought—it had seen the train often enough. He could only assume that it did not recognize it from this angle.

He was annoyed, but he stayed by the dog until the countryside settled into quietness again. With the showering of rocks and pebbles displaced by the vibration, nearly half an hour passed before there was quiet. The dog had become calm, for it expected Jeff to release it from the horror of the rock and, when he left again, it yelped with anguish as though it had been struck.

Jeff returned, thinking now that it was afraid of a wild dog or pig, or perhaps even of a deer; but he was puzzled, for he had judged the dog to be brave. He examined the place as well as he could but, finding no tracks, left the dog to its howling.

At first light he was at the pass again. All that day he thought over the training, going back step by step, but he could see no flaw. He came at last to the conclusion that the extreme loneliness of the pass had sapped the dog's nerve.

Almost, he hated the dog, as though it had betrayed him. He did not get on well with people. He was a shy man, at his worst when choosing a friend, and he had often been

Looking into the dog's eyes, Jeff saw them glow like amber in the light. "You're a proper teashop dog," he said, stroking it

attracted to the wrong sort. A woman had ruined his life for a time; she would not give him a kind word once his money was spent. But he had a knack with dogs and he had never been wrong about one before.

That afternoon the dog barked for the first time since being chained at the boundary. Jeff went there and found a bunch of twenty sheep trying to get past it. The dog had already turned the sheep when he got there. At least it knew its work.

But as soon as Jeff had gone away with the sheep, it began to howl again. Jeff now decided to leave it alone for a few days until it got used to the pass. But he was tormented, for not only did he have the fear of failure before him, but also the recognition of the dog's loneliness.

His plan seemed to be successful; the howling stopped on the second day. But as he sat down to his meal the dog barked.

The sun was setting and Jeff hurried to the pass so that he would be able to get the sheep off the mountain before nightfall. But there were no sheep at the pass.

The boundary dog stopped barking when it saw him, and strained against the chain as though in welcome. Jeff stared at it incredulously. The dog had thought out a way of summoning him here at any time of day or night. His will stiffened. He would beat it yet. He would be certain that there were sheep on the boundary before he ever answered its signal again.

On the next day when the dog barked, Jeff did not approach the pass directly, instead he crept over the shoulder of the mountain to spy out the land first. It was a difficult climb, but it was worth the effort, for he had got the better of the dog this time. It was up to its tricks again—there was not a sheep to be seen. Jeff intended to watch carefully and in this way discipline the dog to expect him only when there were sheep at the pass. The ruse did not work because he did not have the strength to climb the mountain every day: he had to give it up.

He knew that he should ask for help, but he dreaded having to tell the Boss that he had been mistaken in the dog and that all the months of training had been wasted. It even crossed his mind to say that the dog had met with an accident; he would shoot it.

The day came on which the rock was to split. There was to be an earth tremor during the afternoon. The dog could feel warning vibrations, but to Jeff this was a day like any other day, except for one thing: he went to the pass in answer to the dog's signal, knowing very well that there were no sheep on the boundary.

He was spoiling the dog, but he excused himself by saying that he was too tired to go hurrying backwards and forwards. Now that he was here, he would rest until some sheep came up. He sat there for an hour or more, looking out beyond the valley to the shining mountains. The dog was quiet; it had not lost its trust in him and still waited for its release.

It sat up straight, with little tremors passing from its slender snout to the long, fine white down of its ears. Sometimes a tremor passed right across its body. Jeff, watching the changes in sky and mountains and forests, felt that the dog watched as he did. But the dog did not see the shifting colours. It caught from the air vague scents that stirred it; the scent of sheep, and of deer-like shadows on the edge of the forest, and of the man beside it. Sounds, too, it caught, and among them the sound of the rock's movement and the subterranean whisper of the earth. These were the sounds that sent the tremors through its body.

JEFF had his lunch in his pocket and thought he might as well eat it there. As he shifted his weight to take the package from his pocket, the dog came close to him and for the first time touched him. It mouthed his wrist. It was asking Jeff to release it, but he did not understand. He began to stroke its neck. Suddenly the terror left the dog. Indeed, it knew then only the subtle joy in the man's hand. Jeff, looking into its eyes, saw them glow like amber in the light. "You're a beauty, you," he complained, still stroking the dog. "A proper teashop dog."

He did not look beyond that moment and he was happy as though all his problems had been solved. But he realized, when he had finished his meal and got up to go, that he had only added to his problems. The dog howled in a renewed gust of terror.

Jeff turned back then and released it. It hesitated, shook itself and then, finding that it was really free, fled from the rock. It was soon out of sight. Jeff sat down somewhat ruefully in his old place, opposite the black rock. Here he was, guarding the pass again and the dog gone.

He had acted on impulse in releasing the dog and yet, now he thought it over, he saw that it would not be such a bad thing after all. He would have to give the dog a different training and somehow they would surely manage to guard the pass. With this new feeling between them, he felt that he could teach the dog anything.

The day had come in with a fine breeze, but now the air was sultry. Jeff, waiting for the dog's return, fell asleep.

A huge cloud had appeared on the horizon and hung there, black and menacing, with no wind to move it onward. But the shadow of the black rock was moving onward. It edged towards Jeff until it encompassed him. From the margins of the cloud a grey colour seeped into the sky, like smoke. The calls of birds were stilled. There was no sound at all until the dog began to bark.

Jeff sat up, instantly awake. He had eased off his boots and took some time to lace them. He thought the dog had spotted some straying sheep. Because he was listening to the dog's barking, he did not notice the unusual stillness on the mountain and went calmly from the pass.

The dog was on its training ground, halfway out of the kennel, and barking with a persistence that seemed spiteful and stupid. There was not a sheep in sight. Jeff stared at it and now its eyes were not like amber, but appeared to be yellow, like a goat's eyes. What had he let himself in for? The dog would walk him to death, now that it was free on the mountain. It was useless—it belonged in a teashop, not on a station. And it had got round him, making him fond of it. He knew where that would lead to: it would finish up costing him his job, or his life.

Jeff went to the shack and took his shotgun from behind the bed. It was unloaded and he had to find cartridges. There were a few in an old bootbox on the table. As he began to load the gun, the day darkened. There came out of the intense stillness a roar like the sound of a huge motor. The shack was rocking.

Jeff fell to the floor. A horror of sound had broken loose, for the rock had split in half and was crashing with tons of earth towards the ridge. It ground up the boulders that stood in the way. The two great pieces of rock hit the ridge simultaneously with a monstrous snarl that shook trees loose. This tremendous sound passed, to be succeeded by the minor crashing of boulders and trees. . . .

Long afterwards yellow light shone from the sky and there was a stillness in which a small sound could be heard as earth slid from the leaves of shrubs.

Jeff went out then and walked along the mountain. The chaos of rock and earth had sealed the pass. No boundary dog would ever be needed to guard this place.

That was his first thought. Then he remembered how he had sat there lacing his boots in the shadow of the rock while the dog barked, and he shivered. The dog had known all along that the rock was dangerous, and he understood its behaviour now. He could face the Boss again, he thought, for he had been right in choosing the dog, and right in his methods of training.

The mistake he had made was to think that the dog had become fond of him, and that had turned out to be a lucky mistake. Nobody need know about that. A feeling of shame overwhelmed him; he had been a fool. He would be a fool again if he thought that the dog had barked deliberately to draw him away from the rock. The dog had got into a bad habit of barking when it was afraid, and it had been afraid of the impending earthquake. That was all. Never once had it looked for him because it loved him; and when it mouthed his wrist it had not been a caress, but only a plea that he should release it.

His shame passed, leaving him forlorn. He was sad as a young person is sad, with a keenness that he had forgotten.

There was a slight movement behind him. The boundary dog had followed him. Gently it touched his wrist. "What's the catch, mate?" said Jeff, moving away. The dog touched his wrist again.

Suddenly Jeff understood the signal and put his hand on the dog's silky neck. THE END

CHRIS CHATAWAY

tells of his crowded years

"RUNNING IN," the story of a young man in a hurry . . . athlete, business man and top TV personality

BEGINS IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

How much does your doctor really earn . . . and how much does he really have to spend? While the great controversy rages on, a G.P. analyses here the facts and figures of life today on a typical National Health Service salary

ARE OUR DOCTORS UNDERPAID?

by DR. BRIAN ANSON

One evening last winter a man of sixty collapsed in my surgery. He had not really been well enough to come to see me, so I took him home in my car. It was a dark and rainy night, and my patient lived in a cottage up a narrow lane in which there was no room to turn the car round. Normally, I should have parked the car and walked up the lane, but he wasn't fit to walk, so I drove him to his house and handed him over to his wife. Then I tried to reverse the car, and the inevitable happened. I ripped off a bumper on an old fence. The bill came to £7 15s.

"Oh, Doctor," said my patient's wife, a few days later, "I'm so sorry you damaged your car the other night. I expect the Health Service will pay up, though."

More recently, a woman who came into my waiting-room looked round approvingly, admired the pictures, and said: "The government does you doctors pretty well, doesn't it?" And another economically minded patient, who needed some dressings, asked: "Can't I have some out of your doctor's stock, and save myself a shilling?"

The truth is that the bumper, the pictures and the dressings were all paid for by me.

Family doctors are not government employees. We contract to supply services, and we pay our own overheads. This is so much the case that a doctor who is called to a mine accident and gets injured himself receives no compensation. He is expected to insure against such things, just as a self-employed window cleaner insures himself against falling off his ladder.

Payments which National Health Service doctors receive from the state are calculated to cover overheads, on a rough assumption that one-third of the money will be swallowed up by expenses and the remaining two-thirds will be the doctor's income. This proportion does not work out accurately in many practices. Some doctors' expenses are very heavy, and may absorb half their gross pay, while others, for various reasons, may have three-quarters of the money available for themselves.

I practise in a small town in the home counties. My home is a double-fronted Edwardian house on three floors and, as the two large front rooms are taken over by the practice, our sitting-room has to be upstairs, which means carrying the coals up in the winter. The kitchen is large and draughty, the bathroom far from modern, and there are six bedrooms, which I do not need but which increase my rateable value. My heating and lighting bills for last year came to £190, and even then we found things chilly.

Mine is a fairly typical practice. On my list are about two thousand National Health Service patients, who occupy most of my time. I am on call to them twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week. About five hundred of them live on a new housing estate at the other end of the town, where I have a branch surgery which adds rather a lot to my expenses. But I am hoping to increase this part of the practice, and it should, in time, be money well spent.

The government pays me a basic rate of seventeen shillings per year per patient. This works out at about fourpence a week, so I have to trust that many will remain well to balance the "chronics" who have to be seen every week. In addition to the basic rate I get what is called a loading, which means an extra ten shillings per head per year for one thousand of my patients. It is paid for those numbered 501 to 1,500 on my list, and the idea is to discourage very small or very large practices.

Such a system makes it impossible for an elderly doctor to live on a very small practice. For, say, four hundred patients he would get four hundred times seventeen shillings, or £340 a year, which would not cover his overheads. He could not possibly make it pay, and the pity of it is that if older doctors could run such small practices more vacancies would be left for doctors who are just beginning.

In my own case, the system means that I receive from the National Health Service two thousand times seventeen shillings, which is £1,700, plus the "loading" of £500, making a total of £2,200. If this were all my income, I should be in a bad way, because more than half of it would be absorbed by my overheads. Fortunately, I have other sources of income which do not greatly increase my expenses.

Part of my extra income comes from about fifty better-off people who prefer to be private patients. "I don't want to have to wait in the surgery," they say, "and I want to be able to call you in whenever I feel like it, whether you think it necessary or not." They get exactly the same medical care as the others, but they do have their convenience studied, and if they call me out unnecessarily at night—well, it goes on the bill and there are no hard feelings. They take up more of my time, proportionately, but, if they prefer to pay for their fads, why shouldn't they?

My private patients, and a few extras such as examinations for life insurance and so on, add about £320 a year to my income.

Like most doctors, I am on the staff of a local hospital. This brings in only a token payment (£45 a year), but it adds enormously to the interest of my work. The other day I was called to see Joyce, one of my ten-year-old patients, who had hurt her leg. It might have been a sprain or a fracture, so I put her in the car and ran her down to the hospital. An X-ray showed a crack in the thigh bone, which meant six weeks in bed and expert nursing. There was a bed for her in the children's ward, and knowing

Continued on page 32

National Health patients take up most of a doctor's time. For each patient he gets a basic seventeen shillings a year

Hornblower looked around : these men were witnessing a failure. Then pride came to help him. "I shall sail," he announced

HORNBLOWER and St. Elizabeth of Hungary

by C. S. FORESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

What a cargo! Five hundred French troops—threatening the peace of the world. Somehow he had to stop that ship . . . if he could find her

REAR-ADMIRAL LORD HORNBLOWER had been tricked. Suspecting that the ex-privateer Daring was likely to deal British interests a nasty blow, he had watched her closely. Now she had slipped her moorings and got clean away. . . .

Hornblower, newly appointed commander-in-chief of Britain's shrunken peacetime fleet in the West Indies, was paying a courtesy visit to the American river port of New Orleans. Cloudesley Sharpe, the British Consul there, had given him some disturbing intelligence. A French general, Count Cambronne, commander of Napoleon's Imperial Guard at Waterloo, was in the city. He had chartered Daring to pick up a band of French colonists, all ex-guardsmen, from an unsuccessful settlement on the Mexican coast and take them home to France.

At least, that was the official story. But the shores of the Caribbean were aflame with revolution. Any sort of filibustering expedition was possible. . . .

At a reception at the British Consulate, Hornblower met Count Cambronne. He suspected nothing when the wife of the French Consul was taken ill, and the Consul left, together with the Count.

But it was a ruse. Hours later came the message: *Daring has sailed.*

Back in H.M. Schooner Crab, his tiny flagship, Hornblower received the report of her captain, Harcourt. His suspicions were confirmed. Cambronne had left for Mexico with bales of Imperial Guard uniforms—a seaman from Crab had filched one of the bearskin caps—and six hundred muskets.

"I must try and catch him," said Hornblower. "Call all hands, Mr. Harcourt."

Then he remembered. He had given the crew shore leave. . . .

PART TWO

The Hunt For Daring

THEY stared at each other in dismay. Then Harcourt pulled himself together. He said: "They'll not be far, My Lord. I'll send along the waterfront and find 'em. I'll have 'em back here in an hour."

"Thank you, Mr. Harcourt," Hornblower said. "Do your best." He turned to the Consul. "Mr. Sharpe, we shall need to be towed as far the Pass. Will you send and order a steam tug for us?"

Sharpe looked over at the dark man who worked for him on the waterfront.

"Doubt if there'll be one before noon," said the dark man. "Daring took two—and I know now why she did. The President Madison's laid up. Toueur's gone up to Baton Rouge with flat boats. Ecrevisse—the one that brought this ship up—went down again in the afternoon. I think Temeraire's on her way up. We might be able to get her to turn round as soon as she arrives. And that's all there are."

"Noon," said Hornblower. "Thirteen hours' start. Daring'll be at sea before we leave here."

"And she's one of the fastest ships built," said Sharpe. "She's logged fifteen knots when she was being chased by Tenedos during the war."

"What's the Mexican port where she'll take the soldiers on board?"

"It's only a village on a lagoon, Corpus Christi, My Lord. Five hundred miles and a fair wind."

Hornblower could picture the Daring, with her beautiful lines and enormous spread of canvas, booming along before the trade wind. The little Crab in whose cabin he stood was not intended for fast ocean runs. She had been built and rigged small and handy, to work in and out of obscure inlets, doing the police work of the West Indian archipelago. On the run to Corpus Christi Daring would certainly gain several hours, a day or more, perhaps, to add to the twelve hours' lead she already enjoyed.

It would not take long to march or to ferry five hundred disciplined men on board, and then she would sail again. Where?

Hornblower's weary brain baulked at the contemplation of the immensely complex political situation in the lands within easy run of Corpus Christi. If he could guess, he might be able to anticipate Daring's arrival at the danger point; if he merely pursued her to Corpus Christi he would almost certainly arrive there to find her already gone, soldiers and all, having vanished out into the trackless sea on whatever errand of mischief she meditated.

"Daring's an American ship, My Lord," said Sharpe, to add to his troubles.

That was an important point, a very important point. Daring had an ostensibly legal errand, and she flew the Stars and Stripes. He could think of no excuse for taking her into port for examination. His instructions had been very strict regarding his treatment of the American flag. Barely nine years ago America had gone boldly to war against the greatest maritime power in the world on account of the Royal Navy's attitude towards the American mercantile marine.

"She's armed, and she'll be full of men, My Lord," said Gerard, Hornblower's flag lieutenant.

That was another important point, and a very positive point at that. With her twelve-pounders and five hundred disciplined soldiers—and her large American crew as well—she could laugh at anything Crab could threaten with her six-pounders and her crew of sixteen.

Daring would be within her rights to refuse

Continued on page 35

He took the bearskin cap in his hands. And suddenly there surged within him the feeling that he held the clue to this mystery

BEST FOOT FORWARD · 5

The woman who changed my life

by COLIN HODGKINSON

As soon as I saw her I fell in love. Then I asked myself: why should a beautiful girl marry a man without legs—or money?

I WAS demobilized. For the first time since I had become a man, I faced a peacetime world, equipped with an office-boy's wage and a pair of tin legs. The prospect seemed more terrifying than anything I had faced so far.

Before the war I was a youngster, an athlete, with all life and adventure before me. I was a midshipman in the Fleet Air Arm, training to fight in the war that was evidently coming; and it was on a training flight that I was knocked out of the sky, and lost my legs. But once I had regained a grip on life, the war itself had been a challenge.

Inspired by the example of Douglas Bader, I determined to get back to flying, to fly a Spitfire in combat with the enemy, and to prove to myself that the blow that had crippled my body had not crippled my manhood. And I had done so. In the R.A.F. I had found satisfaction. I had been accepted as a fighter pilot, as good as the next. I had flown, fought, crashed in France and survived a prisoner-of-war camp.

But now the war was over. I was demobilized, face to face with a peacetime world that I did not understand, and about to start a learner's job in an advertising office at a wage of £5 a week.

In contrast to the easy money I had been earning in the last three months, when R.A.F. transport flights to and from Europe had included some light-hearted but lucrative smuggling, this was a starvation wage. Even augmented as it was by my pension, I found it difficult to live on.

Things would have been better if my job had been other than a sinecure. During the first six months with the advertising agency I did little but watch others work. I was allowed to write some copy and occasionally sat in at a meeting; for the rest, I believed that I was regarded as a small remove above the office boy.

It was this mood of imposed idleness and boredom, as much as the need to increase my derisory income, that induced me to explore the shifting, twilit world of spivvery.

I didn't do it for long and, in spite of my vague pretensions of a talent for salesmanship, I cut a poor figure as a spiv. I made £25 on a deal in paper, much in demand at that time, and a tenner on a few drums of liquid soap. Compared with the important sums some of the "operators" were making this was chicken-feed—quickly lost, anyway, on the racecourse and dog-track where the demon of "get rich quick" propelled me. I badly needed an interest, some anchor which would hold the drift and restore the stability of my self-esteem. I found it in that old friend and enemy—flying.

EARLY in 1947 I read that the Auxiliary Air Force was about to be enlarged, and I at once determined to try to join it. I got in touch with 604 Squadron and, after a medical check, went down to Hendon for the joining parade.

Flying every weekend and relaxing after flights in the familiar atmosphere of squadron life were wonderful antidotes for the poison of boredom and discontent.

Joining the Auxiliary Air Force at that period was of the greatest importance to me; without it I don't know how I would have got through the summer of 1947. Six months later, just as I was resigning myself to another drab and hopeless winter, something else happened which was to alter the whole course of my life. I fell in love.

I had gone to a cocktail party in Cadogan Square with my mother, who was living in London, and we drove together in the battered old Standard car I had bought for a few pounds when on repatriation leave. We were a little

After two years' courtship Colin and June were married, in 1949. With them is June's son Hadley

As a TV commentator Colin scooped everybody by securing an interview with Starikov, pilot of the Russian airliner that caused a sensation

Colin and June at the home of Sir Archibald and Lady McIndoe. When June complained that her nose was long, Sir Archibald shortened it by surgery

late, and it was just after I had got Mollie, as I called my mother, and myself a drink, that I caught sight of one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. She was tall and her hair was dark auburn. The forehead was very wide and her long neck was set most gracefully on her shoulders. Other details I took in later.

What impressed me at the moment were her presence and the way she wore her clothes. In all that chattering, mannered crowd, she alone appeared to be still and natural. As for her clothes—she adorned them; you noticed her first and them afterwards, knowing that they would be as "right" as she.

She dominated the room—and there were many attractive women there—with that sense of isolation which spells class. And in an instant, there and then, she dominated me.

Still watching her, I took my mother by the shoulder. "Do you see that girl over there? She's lovely, isn't she?"

Mollie considered her. "Well, she's very good looking, yes. Rather surrounded, though, isn't she? Do you know her?"

"Not yet," I said, with my eyes fixed on the end of the room, "but I'm going to marry her."

"Are you, darling?" said Mollie mildly. "You will introduce me first, won't you?"

But I was off, pushing through the crowd with murmured apologies. Mollie was right; there was a small bodyguard of young men surrounding the girl.

I butted my way past the admirers and planted myself before her. None of the admirers seemed eager to introduce me. When I spoke I had the breathless feeling that I was committing my life. "How do you do?" I said loudly. "I'm Colin Hodgkinson."

She looked at me reflectively. Then she said, very simply, her lips curling in amusement: "My name's June Hunter," and put out her hand.

We talked—or rather, I talked, taking good care that no one got a word unscathed through my defensive barrage of nonsense, and by the time the party was breaking up I had persuaded her into accepting an invitation to dinner.

I first took my mother home; then, very conscious of my wretched car, drove June to her flat in Kensington, where she meant to change her dress. I followed her up the path to the front door and waited in the hall while she climbed the stairs. Then I remembered that I hadn't yet told her one very important thing. "By the way," I called, "I think you should know that I haven't got any legs."

She stopped and looked down, turning her head from side to side in little peering movements that I was to get to know so well.

"Haven't you?" she asked curiously. "Then what are you walking on now?"

"Tin ones," I shouted.

"Well, I think you do it very well." Then, after a pause, her eyebrows raised: "And it doesn't matter anyway."

I took her to a restaurant in Leicester Square where I had had great fun during the war. June told me later that the dinner was horrible, but she didn't know then that I was earning less than £10 a week. She was soon to find out, for I at once began to harry her without respite.

Suddenly, and overnight, the rusty wheels of my personality started back into life. With June as my inspiration I gave up spivving and took more interest in my job, attempting to learn instead of merely enduring it. Flying with 604 had restored some of my *amour propre*; the discovery of June—for I knew that I would and must link her life with mine—revived self-interest and honour.

We soon found that our lives had run on a similar pattern. June's father, like mine, had been a rich man, who had enjoyed his money to the full, leaving not very much when he died. As with myself, June had been reduced from a life of luxury to one of earning her living, which she was doing very successfully as a model for a fashion house.

But with these parallels the similarity ended. June, brought up in a liberal and cultured atmosphere, had been engrossed by things which I, absorbed in sport and games, had never considered—music, art, literature, and the company of friends who had other qualities than those of shooting well and riding a stiff country to hounds. I felt an unlettered lout in her presence, and knew that, in spite of a growing mutual physical attraction, a lasting partnership with June was possible only on a wider foundation of interests.

June had been married—her husband was killed in the battle of Arnhem, leaving her a small son, Hadley, whom he had never seen. The disappearance of Joey Hunter had left a wound which was yet too deep and raw for healing, but I resolved that if ever she needed a partner that partner should be myself.

This period of my life could be called "Catching up with June." I attended night school on two evenings a week. I wore out shoe leather in tramping round the galleries. Shakespeare I read right through, as if it were a railway guide and, I have to own, with just about as much profit. Keats and Shelley rang the changes with best-selling novels; I filled my head with dense theses on French painting.

But culture, especially ersatz, couldn't be eaten, nor make a home, nor start a business. June, in her kindliness, shrewdly pointed this out, keeping me at arm's length—for she was not in love with me yet—by reminding me that a home in London such as I envisaged would need something in the nature of £1,500 a year.

There were other barriers. June's mother was unimpressed by the hypothetical advantages which a legless and almost penniless man represented for her daughter. Most of June's friends, though not openly hostile, were reserved.

Whatever she might have thought of our getting married, June was loyal through and through to me as a person, though some of the situations my presence put her in could not have been easy. I remember an incident at a small dance to which we had been invited.

Coming up from behind them, I caught the end of an earnest conversation between June and a woman I had met on one or two occasions.

The last part I heard very distinctly: "After all, June, he's only half a man."

At that moment June saw me, flashed her most brilliant smile and held out her arms. "Here's my half man," she said enthusiastically, "and I'm going to have the whole dance with him."

With June as the stakes to play for, my life

Continued on page 24

They were enemies... but they'd learn. In this racket a man had to have neighbours

MR. BOLES and MR. HARTLEY

by **DORIS LESSING**

ILLUSTRATED BY KENNETH WYNN

My father wagged a warning finger. "Do you kno

THE very first time Mr. Boles came to see us it was fire trouble that brought him. A fire had started inside his boundary and all his grazing was gone and he wanted to lease some grazing from my father.

Mr. Boles stayed ten minutes. He did not even sit down. He was a large, loose-shouldered man, his head lifted forward from his neck to look into people's faces. Otherwise he walked head down, looking at the ground. His eyes were grey and worrying. He did not smile once that afternoon. He was angry about the fire. He said it was all a bit much, in his first season, when he had so much to do.

My father could not help laughing a little. He said that of course Mr. Boles could have the grazing—he needn't lease it, he could just have it. Then he said that one should make allowances for things like fires and locusts, they were bound to happen. And that if the text-books said fire precautions should be so and so, one should double them, in this part of Africa.

Finally, and choosing his moment with care, he remarked that in this racket one's neighbours were very important. He said this again, and then a third time. At last Mr. Boles heard him and thanked him for his good advice—for that was how he had understood him.

But we knew that my father meant Mr. Hartley, who was his only other neighbour. Our farm was across one boundary and Mr. Hartley's farm was across the other. Mr. Hartley was our neighbour, too—we shared a bit of fence with him. My father could never bring himself to say ill of people; and all he said when Mr. Boles had gone half-running back to his own place was: "Well, I do hope it's going to be all right."

As the months passed we learned a good deal about Mr. Boles from gossip. He was from the Transvaal, not a greenhorn from England. But he had no family, no capital, nothing but the intention to work hard. Which everyone admitted he did. But the old-timers were all sitting back waiting for him to fail.

They were sure that he would. He was biting off much more than he could chew, they said. He was alone on a big farm with a hundred labourers. He was doing maize, tobacco and dairy farming. Also he had built a model compound of brick huts for his labourers and had worked out some sort of profit-sharing scheme.

There was nothing sentimental about this, you understand—he said that they would work harder, and getting the natives to work hard was, after all, every farmer's problem.

Later it became known that Mr. Boles had cleared off half his mortgage on the farm in the first season. This was more than some people had done in ten years. At the end of the second season his farm was his own and whatever profits he made would be his.

It was about this time, I remember, that we drove through his farm on our way somewhere else and we stopped at his homestead out of politeness. He lived in two grass huts in the middle of the bush, and in one was a camp-bed with a blanket rolled at the foot of it, and in the other was a wood-burning cooking stove and his servant, who said that Mr. Boles was on the lands. We found him at the tobacco barns and, from curiosity, my father mentioned Mr. Hartley. At once Mr. Boles broke into a fit of anger against Mr. Hartley.

It appeared that before Mr. Boles had arrived on his farm he had heard plenty about Mr. Hartley and, having no time for inefficient people, he had not even troubled to call over. The two men met by accident one day near their mutual boundary. Or, rather, Mr. Boles saw it as an accident; it was quite clear to us that Mr. Hartley had been hanging about hoping to see him.

Mr. Boles saw an old man, quite drunk, stamping and waving over his side of the fence, his hat dancing on his head and the tails of his shirt flying. All this to attract Mr. Boles's attention, behaving as a child does. Mr. Boles spoke sharply to him, saying he was giving a bad example to the natives, and then he went away.

Some time afterwards it became necessary to discuss a broken-down fence, and he went over to Mr. Hartley's place. It was a small brick house on the top of a hill, with some ramshackle outhouses about it. The lands showed all the rank luxuriance of neglect: weeds thick in the crops, machinery lying about to rust and rot, buildings falling down. Mr. Hartley was drunk, lying on a stale, unmade bed on the veranda. He was delighted to see Mr. Boles. He pressed him to stay and share a bottle. But Mr. Boles was disgusted, and went back to repair the fence himself.

Not long afterwards Mr. Hartley's cook came over to tell Mr. Boles that the *baas* was ill. Mr. Boles found Mr. Hartley half-drunk, half-delirious. Nothing would induce the old man to go to hospital. So Mr. Boles had a sort of litter made of leafy branches and he and the cook carried him over to his own hut, where he could keep an eye on him.

Mr. Hartley was there two weeks, working his way out of a fever. He was very grateful to his new friend. But when he got drunk he cursed him, or sometimes wept, confessing all kinds of crimes which even Mr. Boles could see he had never committed. Mr. Boles said he should pull himself together, what he lacked was backbone. And Mr. Hartley wept some more and said that was true.

This happened two more times. Mr. Boles, who was working from sunup to sundown, who scarcely had time to eat, who had no idea in his head but to work himself and his labourers into a state of prosperity, no matter what it might cost—Mr. Boles, who had no time to get married, or to go to the district parties, or even drop over to a neighbour for a drink in the evenings—Mr. Boles found himself responsible for an old drunkard, half-childish, who was not only a nuisance, but dangerous.

For instance, Mr. Boles had to put one of his own reliable servants into Mr. Hartley's house

v," he said, "that it is a criminal offence to start a fire?" Mr. Hartley sounded concerned. "Oh, yes," he replied, "I did know. Yes—a terrible thing, fires"

to keep an eye on him when he got drunk and threatened all kinds of crazy things, such as blowing up the railway bridge because the government had not asked his permission to build it, or even killing Mr. Boles because he was not really a true friend to him.

All this Mr. Boles told us, that afternoon, standing beside our car, his long, unsmiling, clever face tight with anger and irritation. It was all so unjust—that was what he was feeling. It was exactly like when that veld fire started that first season—it was unfair. He even said: "It doesn't seem to be right, does it?"

We all agreed that it did not; we expressed our sympathy and drove over to Mr. Hartley's and spent the afternoon getting the place straight. We were, in fact, offering ourselves to Mr. Hartley as good neighbours to take the strain off poor Mr. Boles. But Mr. Hartley, who happened to be rather sober that afternoon, spoke of nothing but Mr. Boles.

In short, he did not want us. He wanted Mr. Boles. But we drove over about once a fortnight, and my mother cooked pies and cakes for him and tidied him up, and he was grateful enough. But every evening he walked over to Mr. Boles, where he sat on an upturned candle-box outside the door of the grass hut where Mr. Boles was eating bread and cold meat, and boasted grandly about his exploits in Australia, or America. And he shouted that next season he would plant some good crops and then everybody would see if he was a farmer or not.

By now, Mr. Boles had come to accept him like bad weather. He treated him with rough friendliness and nagged at him kindly about mending his ways. When he nodded good night and went to his campbed and roll of blankets, Mr. Hartley sat on in the moonlight with his whisky bottle, singing old music hall songs to himself and the wide, lonely bush. He had been a humble clerk from London, whose urge to better himself lasted just long enough to get him to this country and on to a farm, but not longer. He had never been, of course, to Australia, or America, or even to the South Seas, where, he claimed, half a dozen beautiful wives were waiting for him.

Then, one night, the old man rose from the candle-box outside the hut where Mr. Boles was

Continued on page 28

Dream homes on wheels

Once a caravan was just a boxroom. Now it can be anything from a church to a luxury residence with its own wine cellar

by PETER JACKSON

To save space inside the modern caravan there are beds that vanish through the floor, folding walls and slide-away baths. Some models even have a second storey

WHEN floods burst through Lynmouth in August, 1952, Jack Speed-Andrews, secretary of the National Caravan Council, interrupted a Devonshire holiday to set up an emergency headquarters for his organization in the stricken resort. Within hours of his appeal for caravans to accommodate the homeless, over fifty residential models were on the move from as far away as Scotland.

Troops worked to convert a children's playground into a fully equipped site, and only a few days later two hundred homeless people had moved into a caravan suburb, with hot and cold water, main drainage and a communal laundry. They lived there for eight months.

"The caravan used to be just a boxroom on wheels," says Speed-Andrews. "Now it can be everything from a church to a mass radiography unit, a police station to a pub, a beauty parlour to a bank."

More than 20,000 caravans are being built in this country each year, against three thousand before the war. Versatility in design has matched production. Beds which disappear through the floor, folding walls and slide-away baths are used to overcome floor space restrictions—maximum towing dimensions are twenty-two feet long by seven feet six inches wide. Some models have a second storey, a corridor linking twin caravans, or a hydraulic device that pushes out extra compartments when the caravan is stationary, making five living-rooms and a nursery.

Middle Eastern sheikhs now cross the desert in air-conditioned caravans of glass fibre reinforced plastics. Missionaries travel the tropics in insect-proof, refrigerated caravans.

A fairground proprietor recently gave up his traditional Romany caravan for a £5,000 streamlined model with television in the wall, telescopic cocktail cabinet, and a coal fire in an open grate. But a Southend family manages in a £50 converted milk-float. Sizes range from a sectional caravan fifty-two feet long to the seven-foot model installed in the grounds of Buckingham Palace for the Royal children.

Specialist caravans have introduced fully equipped mobility to industry, business and administrative services. An American company about to build a pipeline across Spain in 1955 faced the task of housing and getting supplies to 250 workers throughout the five hundred mile project. A British caravan firm solved the problem with a £40,000 self-contained village, able to move with the work. Fifty caravans provided sleeping, eating, recreation, storage, laboratory and workshop facilities for the whole contract.

The dental service covering twelve country schools in North Wales broke down when a shortage of buses prevented children from reaching dentists in the towns. Then a caravan fitted as a dental clinic enabled the dentists to take treatment to the children.

Most caravans, however, are still put to family use. About two million people have a caravan holiday each year—eight per cent of all holiday-makers.

For 160,000 people caravans are homes throughout the year. These 60,000 families are young people waiting for a house, old people who gave up their homes when the family grew up, and skilled workers whose jobs take them all over the country.

Much controversy surrounds residential caravans, at least half of which are on sites not approved by local authorities. Many sites do not have adequate water and drainage services.

"Most councils are trying to reduce the number of caravan sites," says an official of the Ministry of Housing and Local Government. "Even the most modern caravan is considered sub-standard through its small floor area—less than a fifth of that in an average house."

Speed-Andrews feels that many authorities overlook the fact that caravanners have spent several hundred pounds on overcoming the housing shortage instead of merely joining a council waiting list. "And a census in Surrey shows that, far from being forced into caravans, most occupiers live that way by choice."

Touring caravans first appeared in the leisurely Edwardian days. Although horse-drawn and cumbersome, early models used by the nobility were lavishly furnished, with provision for running water, flush sanitation, a butler's pantry—and often a piano.

The Duchess of Leinster maintained this tradition on a tour of Spain last year. She took a chef and a maid in a luxury caravan complete with its own wine cellar.

A new trend may follow the appearance of an amphibious caravan. Speed-Andrews suggests that this will open up new residential sites on lakes and rivers, and also insure the holiday-maker against British weather: heavy rain would change a marooned caravanner into the roving skipper of a houseboat. THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

A modern residential site. Caravan sales are booming—but most councils object to them

He couldn't slow for Ambush Corner. Mike rounded it at fifty and suddenly, vividly, he saw the burning red of the road ahead

Thinking of Judy

by ***MARK DERBY***

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

She was so near.... Just one last journey down the road, and she'd be his. Nothing must stop Mike now

EVERY time he had seen it getting one of his friends, Mike Langston had grinned. But he wasn't grinning now. Now it had got him, the sickness of nerve that infected so many soldiers, planters and policemen as the end of their time in Malaya drew near, the legend that their last days in the country were the most dangerous of all, a climax of danger to those who'd so far survived the terrorist war.

"Superstition!" Mike had always scoffed. "Oh yes, I know about the Commando major killed on his last patrol, and poor old George Hunter ambushed the day after he resigned, and that police officer at Dapong shot up on his way to his farewell party—yes, and the three fusiliers killed on the convoy taking their regiment to the boat for home. But I say it's superstition. You remember them and forget the others."

Well, maybe. But with the end of his time close and his wedding only weeks ahead, his own nerve had caught the infection. Most of the time he was steady enough, but there were moments when he had to fight for even the appearance of calm.

Even now, even on this last morning when he was speeding for the last time along the red laterite road between the thousands of close-ranked rubber trees, when he'd turned for a farewell glimpse of Ulu Pangar—the manager's bungalow, the assistant's bungalow that had been his home for two years, and, down the hill, the hangar-like factory, the smoke-house, the tappers' lines—even now he was tied in a knot of humiliating suspense.

There was nothing reassuring now in the fact that he had been lucky. So many had been lucky—up to their last week or last day.

Ulu Pangar was one of the bad spots. Two managers, an assistant and sixteen tappers had been killed here by terrorists in the dirty little war that was petering out at last. Between the forty-fifth and forty-third milestones marking this red road twenty-three men had been killed and fifty wounded in a dozen ambushes.

For weeks now there had been no incident, but there were last-ditch terrorist bands hidden in the jungle slopes who had tried to get him several times and failed, though once, at Ambush Corner, his driver had been killed at his side. But even as the bullets sang through the sunshine that day and the car almost plunged over the cliff when poor Ali collapsed over the wheel—even then he hadn't known the dry-throated dread that seized him now.

He was dog-tired, of course. With the manager sick the past four months, he'd had more than his share of work. But this humiliating last-minute failure of nerve wasn't just the result of overwork, much less of a bit of a hangover from last night's farewell party down at the club.

The superstition had got him. . . .

Milestone 48 flashed up and fell behind in a cloud of red dust. Deliberately Mike relaxed and answered the questions of the security guard in the back of the vehicle.

"Yes, Ahmad, I go home tomorrow in a plane. No, I shall not come back. Yes, I shall be married six days from now. Yes, it is *nasib baik*, a good fate. Thank you, Ahmad."

All that lay ahead . . . but so did Milestone 44 and Ambush Corner.

Milestone 47. . . . "Stop here, Yusuf," Mike said suddenly to the driver.

This was the northern limit of the estate, where the valley narrowed and the rubber trees ended and the jungle slopes closed in. He gave Ahmad and Yusuf cigarettes and took out Judy's photograph. Suddenly he'd wanted to see her again. He showed her to Ahmad and Yusuf, her smiling, fair loveliness, and he thought: *Six days and five nights now. . . .*

Ahead, the road was a ribbon of civilization climbing between the savagery of the jungle slopes. Tiger, seladang and cobras hid in the jungle twilight; and wilder, deadlier beasts, the remnants of the terrorist army.

Abruptly he signalled the two Malays to the vehicle. "I'll drive," he said on impulse. Driving, having the wheel to grip, would help. He wondered whether the two boys had noticed his jumpiness.

Milestone 46. . . . He stared ahead. His eyes looked up the half mile of road that was dulled to chocolate brown by his tinted sunglasses: his mind looked ahead to the cold beer in the Ipoh Club, to the flight from the far end of Asia to the far end of Europe, to Judy in his arms, the wedding, the honeymoon cottage in Cornwall. But in between, between the skyline and the Ipoh Club bar and all that was to follow, lay Ambush Corner.

The wheel slipped under his sweating hands and a mist of sweat clouded his sun-glasses. True, the temperature was close on ninety, but the windscreen was down and cool breezes tugged at his bleached hair. The sweat was fear.

The next two miles were dotted with perfect ambush positions, low cliff tops backed by a

Continued on page 33

Best foot forward

Continued from page 19

had changed. Advertising and its ramifications suddenly became absorbing and worth while. However, I still knew very little about it and the agency for which I worked restricted my scope. Towards the end of the year, regaining some of the old pushing self-assurance, I talked myself into getting a job with C. & E. Layton, Limited, a large process-engraving firm. My pay was £10 a week.

Working eight hours a day, entertaining June, flying at weekends and still desperately pursuing culture's tail, made the first few months of that year the most breathless period of my life.

It came to an end with my being sent down to Bristol as a seller, it being thought—which proved to be correct—that my connections with the West Country would be an asset.

Almost simultaneous with my transfer to Bristol was an event to which I had been looking forward with impatience—the first postwar summer camp of 604 Squadron.

The camp, due to last a fortnight, was at Thorney Island, near Chichester and only a few miles from Tangmere, where I hoped to meet many old friends. I flew down with the squadron, and June went on ahead in the new car I had managed to buy. I had arranged for her to have a room at the Unicorn, of which I was delighted to hear that Arthur King was still the "boss." During the war he had been host and counsellor to the "fighter boys" of Tangmere.

ALTHOUGH Tangmere had changed, looking less gauntly alert in its fat, peacetime calm, Arthur King was the image of himself; generous, genial and welcoming as ever. One evening, at the end of a particularly nostalgic session with Arthur and a few aircrew friends, June suddenly stopped as we were walking out to the car in which I was to drive back to Thorney.

"I didn't know that flying had meant so much to you," she said.

I told her that at that time it had meant everything, that without it I wouldn't be what I was.

"And nothing can replace it?" June asked.

"Nothing except you," I said.

She smiled doubtfully, kissed me and turned back to the inn. I got into the car, feeling warm and encouraged.

The camp at Thorney Island had introduced June to one aspect of the world I had known. Her meeting with Archie McIndoe brought her into contact with another. I had never lost touch with Archie—few of the men who have been through his hands do that—and I now renewed it personally in what was rather a gruesome way.

June, it transpired, had for long been dissatisfied with her nose. I thought it a wonderful nose. It was longish, certainly, but its slight tiptiltedness and its tendency to crinkle at the nostrils when curious or amused struck me as being perfectly in character. June thought otherwise, and Archie, generous as ever with anything that concerned his old patients, agreed to do a little alteration.

Under no circumstances would I have been interested to watch Archie at work, for I have a great horror of blood. On this occasion, divided between my squeamishness and concern for June, I compromised by deciding to look in on the operation through a plate-glass window in the theatre.

But when Archie apparently began to flake away June's face with sharp blows of a firmly wielded hammer my agitation boiled over. It was more than I could stand. I fled to the car, drove into East Grinstead and bought myself a bottle of whisky.

Three hours later I was led into a semi-darkened ward in which June was lying inert, apparently unconscious and beaked like an owl.

I lurched over in horror.

"My darling," I shouted hoarsely, "are you all right?"

"My new nose," June murmured, "mind my new nose."

I looked at it attentively. It was monstrously bruised and swollen, a bloated ruin of the nose I knew.

"She'll need ice," said Archie cheerfully, "ice at intervals," and for the next few hours I spent my time laying ice and more crushed ice on June's swollen face.

At some moment she asked for a drink. She wanted water, but I was too overcome to take in her meaning.

"Of course, little one," I assented, seizing the whisky bottle and upturning it with a generous swirl. June looked at the glass with a remote smile.

"Who," she asked in a small voice, "has been under an anaesthetic, anyway?"

I held the bottle up to the light. It was empty. . . .

For the next year my life was divided between Bristol and June. The two were complementary, for Bristol meant work, and it was only successful work that could bring our lives together.

It was hard going, but my knowledge of the district and its residents created an atmosphere of goodwill, and I had successes beyond all my hopes.

June was happy for my sake that I was making progress. She helped me invaluably with her unsentimental, humorous attitude to my tin legs, and her poise and social brilliance—counter irritants—shamed first and then did much to discipline my inhibiting uncouthness. Tolerant, and interested in everything, she was the perfect companion, and an absolutely sure friend.

But while she merely liked, I adored; where she saw pleasant association, I saw union. An extremely attractive and much run-after woman, with daily interests which were worlds apart from mine, and seeing me only two days out of seven, she had every right to think that I was not indispensable.

We had the usual lovers' scenes: a violent ranting on my part with much spreading of hands, a mocking tenderness on hers—practical and maddening.

"But June," I remember shouting once, "I *love* you. Don't you see that?"

"I believe I do," she said coolly, "but even if I loved you, where could we go from there?"

She was right, of course. June had a son to look after and a flat of her own. Her job brought her in enough to live adequately; she was independent, free, and had rewarding pursuits with which to fill her leisure. There was no reason why she should throw in her lot with someone who could not immediately support her, and for whom she as yet had no more than sympathy, physical liking and respect.

But at last, almost two years after our first meeting, like a woman jumping in the river for fear that she might commit suicide, she capitulated, and let me marry her in July, 1949.

Both of us were aware of our deep incompatibility and June, I believe, had no hope of our ever overcoming it. I was on fire to prove that we could.

The first essential was to learn my job and make more money. In this, at least, my hopes were not absolutely unfounded. Working the West Country, by the end of 1949 my earnings were up to £1,250 for the year. But Bristol, my work apart, I found dull and provincial, and my spare time on the five days a week which separated me from June and London were so many hours of frustrating idleness.

I wanted something active in which I could express myself. It was in this way that I came to take an interest in politics. At first the work was dull—distributing leaflets on windy bus-stops as the factories emptied in the evening; attending campaign conferences; finding and registering people who would help to canvass when the time came.

It was all routine and rather uninspiring, but it gave me the opportunity to learn something about the machinery of government. In 1950 I helped the Tory candidate to fight the hopeless seat of Bristol Central, and did a little speaking from the platform. My amateurish participation led to a more serious interest later.

But interests, political or business, were interrupted by the outbreak of the Korean War and the subsequent call-up of the 23 Auxiliary Air Force Squadron for three months of training.

This affected me, for at thirty-one I was still within the age limit for flying jet aircraft, with which 604 Squadron had lately been equipped. It was unlikely that I would be asked to fly in Korea, even if the worst came, but I took up the training with enthusiasm. It meant being near London and June; It meant, as well, a return to the absorbing squadron life for which I had at times a sharp nostalgia.

My introduction to the Vampire had not been love at first sight. Remembering still the Spitfire's marvellous sensitivity, I found the Vampire's lack of positive control apt to unnerve me.

I was never quite at my ease when flying it. I felt, sometimes very urgently, that I shouldn't be in it at all, that in an inexplicable way I was going beyond the legitimate answer to a challenge—that my long, contentious and rewarding association with flying was wearing to an end.

Two frightening and decisive experiences convinced me that this was true. The first was when I was simulating a radar-directed ground controlled approach. This is the method of "talking down" an aircraft in very bad weather when there is nil, or next to nil, visibility. Fortunately, on the day I was doing the exercise the weather was clear and sunny, but to create the illusion of darkness, fog or blinding rain, I conscientiously kept my head down and relied entirely on my instruments and the controller's instructions.

All went well until I was handed over by the distant controller to the circuit controller, who was responsible for bringing me down from one thousand feet to the final moment when I should cut my engine, stall and touch down. I couldn't know—what I found out later—that the circuit controller was a new man under instruction, and that he had mistaken my Vampire for another, which was doing similar manoeuvres at a similar height.

"Steer 130," said the new voice, "lower undercarriage. Lose height at two hundred feet a minute."

All this I did, head well down, eyes on the instruments. At five hundred feet I was given another change of course and told to lower flaps; at three hundred feet the final course to steer for the runway. A minute later I received the last lateral and vertical checks: "Five degrees left, left a little more. Lose height faster."

Until that moment I had loyally resisted every temptation to look out. Now instinct struck imperiously, like a blow on the shoulder. I fought it fiercely for several seconds, then yielded. I raised my head—to see the spire of a Saffron Walden church straight in my path and only a few yards ahead. For a sick fraction of time, a paralysing urge to do nothing possessed me, then I slammed the throttle open and wrenched back the stick, as the spire swept away a few feet below. . . .

I will never know why, three days later, voluntarily and with full consciousness of what I was doing, I entered low cloud on that grimy, gusty morning of July 15 at North Weald. Both my near-fatal accidents had been caused by flying blind, and in spite of all my experience my fear of cloud was still very much alive.

The cloud was at six hundred feet. I felt safe enough at first, being in constant touch with the ground by radio telephone. But at five thousand feet there was a click in my earphones and all contact with base was severed. Should I go down and chance it, with cloud base at six hundred feet or less? Or should I climb, hoping to find either a hole in the overcast or another aircraft to lead me down? Each was a frightening decision; but one had to be taken and—judging by my petrol gauge—taken at once. I climbed.

At 20,000 feet I was clear, absolutely alone on a glazed and brilliant circle of cloud that filled the horizon like milk in a bowl. I was sweating and my mouth was dry with fright. I glanced at my fuel gauge; it marked less than a half-full tank. I tried my R/T once more: it was dead. I must fly aimlessly across this tight, glistening sheet, like a moth on a lighted pane, till my petrol was exhausted and I baled out. Over the sea, or over land? Even of that I was not certain.

Then, when my tanks were a quarter full, I saw a speck away to starboard. I opened the throttles and steered to intercept. It grew bigger and tangible

Your Garden and Mine

by PERCY THROWER

I sow my seeds in paper funnels to prevent root disturbance when planting out the seedlings.

Using paper from old books—it is thicker than newspaper—I cut shapes five inches long, five inches wide at the top and three at the bottom. I then make each shape into a funnel, fastening the top ends together with a paper clip. I then put a few grass cuttings into each funnel, fill up with John Innes compost, and sow one seed. I then rest the funnels in holes in a board.

When the seedlings are well established they can be transplanted still in their paper funnels. —W. C. WATKINS, Selsdon, Surrey.

Quite by accident I discovered how to produce a good crop of greens from early broccoli. After cutting the heads I exposed some of the root growths. Every little hair root produced a green shoot. —A. H. RIDDICK, Northleach, Cheltenham.

PERCY THROWER says: I think Mr. Watkins has a splendid idea to save expenditure on soil blocks. Once the board is made, it can be kept for ever. It can be used at any time of the year, particularly in the early part, for runner beans, broad beans and peas which can then be planted out when the weather is suitable. By carefully planting out the paper funnels intact with their seedlings there is no break in the growing process.

Mr. Riddick's method of culture is similar to what professional gardeners know as root cutting. I've never tried this with broccoli but I see no reason why it should not be successful. Be sure not to perpetuate any clubroot.

JOHN BULL pays five guineas each for the best original, topical gardening hints sent to Percy Thrower, JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. No entry can be returned unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

IDEAS—1

There is no squabbling so violent as that between people who accepted an idea yesterday and those who will accept the same idea tomorrow.

Christopher Morley

Hepworths new *natural* tailoring — introduced for the first time this Spring — is proving an instant success. Whatever your choice of style, Hepworths "Natural Line" with its clever cut and softer shoulders will give your suit that perfectly cut elegance that is the hall-mark of English bespoke tailoring. Yet an individually made, hand-cut Hepworth suit still costs only £8. 19. 6 — or in super-grade pure wool cloth, £11. 5. 0 to £15. 5. 0. There is a wonderful selection of new materials available, with some exciting additions specially designed for the younger man to bring back colour and individuality to men's clothes. In addition, new CONTINENTAL styles, featuring square fronts and matching buttons, have now been added to the wide choice of established favourites. And remember—there is always a complete range of ready-to-wear suits if you're in a hurry.

Hepworths

Where the GOOD CLOTHES come from

YOU ARE NEVER FAR FROM A HEPWORTH BRANCH

Jack Train, Peter Haigh, and Freddie Trueman can see . . .

Freddie Mills gets a closer shave with 'Philishave' Rotary Action

" Some chin, Freddie — must be a tough job to shave ".

" Not on your life! I've got a 'Philishave'. That Rotary Action shaving is really close — "

" — and comfortable! That's what *I* like — no clipping or pulling. Brilliant idea, those rotating blades ".

" The skin-stretcher too, so the blades can get right down to the job. Hey, Jack, what's the matter? "

" Just that you seem to forget, Freddie, that it was *I* who recommended the 'Philishave' to *you* ".

DUAL-VOLT MODEL AC/DC 110-130v. 200-250v. **£7.14.2** *(tax paid)*

Standard Model AC/DC 200-250v. **£6.17.6** *(tax paid)*

Battery Model (operates on three 1½v. flashlamp batteries) **£7.12.6** *(tax paid)*

PHILIPS **PHILISHAVE**

THE DRY SHAVER WITH THE BIGGEST WORLD SALE

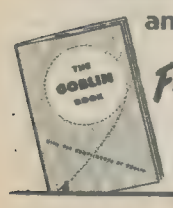
PHILIPS

A PRODUCT OF PHILIPS ELECTRICAL LTD.

(PS664B))

Choose **GOBLIN** and you buy the **BEST!**

VACUUM CLEANERS
WASHING MACHINES
and Teasmade



FREE Ask your dealer for the 'Goblin Book' of washing machines, vacuum cleaners and Goblin 'Teasmade', or write— **Dept. J.B., Goblin Works, Leatherhead, Surrey.**

£40

EXTRA INTEREST

on £300, in 3 years

Left to accumulate at 3%, a deposit of £300 grows to only £328 in three years. Move *your* Deposit to Federal at 7%, and £300 will become £368, *in the same time.* Why throw £40 away? Your money will be safe, and easy to withdraw. Write for free Brochure to: *Director of Deposits*

FEDERAL CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENTS LTD.

INDUSTRIAL BANKERS
32, Buckingham Palace Road,
LONDON, S.W.1.

as I approached; grew wings and four engines and a shapely, familiar tail—an American Superfortress.

I closed in, mad with relief, swayed out by the port wing and made desperate signs of distress.

Suddenly the pilot—a long-faced man, lolling back, like all American pilots, as if at an office desk—understood, nodded, and immediately dipped the Superfort's nose. With my fuel gauge flickering on a rapidly draining tank, I tucked myself in, formating tightly, and followed into the dive.

At eight thousand feet I looked at my gauge. It read twenty gallons, about five minutes' flying.

At three thousand feet there was a blessed thinning; at 1,200 we broke out: flat, green Norfolk fields and, to port, the wide runways of the American base of Marham. I raised my dive brakes, flaps and undercarriage and went straight into the circuit. A single aircraft on the runway would have meant crash landing, but the field was clear. I made as long an approach as I dared, lowered flaps and wheels and glided in to a perfect touch-down. There were five gallons in the tank.

I taxied over to the control tower, parked the Vampire and climbed out. An American officer came over and asked where I had come from.

" North Weald," I stammered. " My radio packed up. Can I leave the aircraft here for tonight?"

" What's wrong with her?" he asked. " Doesn't she fly?"

Yes, she flew all right, I said. Someone would come next day to fetch her.

He looked at me thoughtfully. " Yep," he drawled at last. " I get it, you're all burnt up for the moment. We'll fix you transportation."

But, following him to control, where he telephoned to the squadron, I knew it wasn't for the moment. This time the portents were too urgent; the moment had come to get out.

When I reached the flat that night, June told me later, I sat still in a chair for ninety minutes, gazing at the ceiling. I went through those minutes once again. And other minutes as well; the long, feverish flights over the Channel; the eerie search for Jack Charles; flak spitting from the armoured trains; and my timeless fall through the clouds above St. Omer.

I sat on and on, and when I rose to go to bed I realized that I had lost

IDEAS—2

One of the greatest pains to human nature is the pain of a new idea.

Walter Bagehot

my nerve. I didn't tell June about the afternoon's experience, for I knew that she had been unhappy about me flying jets. But later that night, when I woke up screaming from a nightmare of cloud and cold and parching fear, she leaned over me, knowing, I think, but waiting for me to tell her.

I told her then, rather ashamed of myself, trying to explain how hard it was to put flying behind me before I had properly come to terms with it.

She heard me out, and when I had finished put her arm round my shoulder.

" I think," she said seriously and gently, " that this is some of the best news you've ever given me."

After that I never flew with the squadron again. . . .

At the beginning of January, 1952, I was at last working in London.

Life, suddenly, was twice as interesting. My stepson, Hadley, now seven, was going to school, and it was fascinating to realize that the small, anonymous child I had hardly noticed five years before—seeing him, indeed, as another hurdle barring me from June—had grown into this charming and intelligent boy who gravely accepted and even seemed to admire me.

Now, more than ever, I wanted to be my own master. Gradually my future projects were translated into terms of public relations, and eventually I became—with three others—a director in a public relations business.

When I settled in London I kept up my political affiliations. Politics, in fact, from being an amusement, became a hobby. The fact that I had tin legs gave me a certain notoriety, and may have accounted for the high attendance at our meetings. The legs, too, could be useful when dealing with hecklers.

" What the hell do *you* know about pensions?" yelled a hoarse and truculent voice on an occasion when I was talking on pensions to a crowded hall in the Portobello Road.

" Quite a lot," I retorted, " I draw one."

" What for," the voice insisted, " a sore throat?" After this easy laugh had died down, I announced equably that I had two tin legs. " Don't believe it," said the voice firmly. I stumped from the platform, pushed my way through to the heckler, and to what the local paper described as " derisive uproar " hauled up my trousers to the knees.

I expected at least an apology, but North Kensington hecklers are made of sterner stuff. My man merely tapped the legs and looked up at me with a confirming nod. " They are, too, by God," he remarked, in no way put out by the hooting going on round him.

I was proposed and accepted as a candidate for a seat on the borough council of a difficult ward in North Kensington. One among six candidates, I fought the seat in the local elections of 1953, losing by only fifty votes.

This was progress; and I began to cast my political net a little wider. I was asked if I would stand for South-West Islington in the next General Election. The seat was a hopeless one, my opponent having a 17,000 majority, but I decided to have a try.

I had always relished a fight. With the help of June and her model friends, a jeep lent by a kind supporter, a " walkie-talkie " and a telecommunication system, I managed to reduce my opponent's crushing majority by more than three and a half thousand votes in the General Election of 1955.

With that election my active participation in politics came, for the time being, to an end, and what I hope will be—at last—a permanent association with flying began. With the increasing responsibilities of my public relations affairs I was meeting more people, and some of these, inevitably, were interested or involved in aviation.

I bought aviation magazines, joined the Royal Aero Club in London and renewed my contact with 604 Squadron.

Later our business took on the accounts of one or two aviation companies. Flying, whether I liked it or not, had slipped into my life again.

One day—it was early in 1956—I met an old friend in Robert Everett, who had been a lieutenant in the Fleet Air Arm with me at Lee-on-the-Solent thirteen years before. Robert was now head of the " remote programme " department of Associated-Rediffusion Limited, the television company.

I suggested that I might cover some of their aviation broadcasts. I forwarded to a producer the idea of interviewing the pilot and possibly commenting on the performance of the Russian jet liner, the T.U.104, about to fly into London with General Serov aboard. The idea was accepted at once, and there began immediately one of the most hectic scrambles of my life.

The thing, I was told confidently, was quite impossible. No one would be allowed to enter the aircraft, let alone speak to the pilot; neither the press, nor the B.B.C., nor even accredited air attachés. But the difficulty was what I wanted. It was the challenge again, the urge to get through against the odds.

I went down to the Russian Embassy, pestering Colonel Volodin, the Russian assistant air attaché.

" Niet, niet, niet," said Colonel Volodin. He was too busy; he wasn't briefed; I must come back tomorrow. I came back, every day for a week, to sit stolidly in the musty-smelling, high-roofed anteroom of the stuffy mansion in Kensington Palace Gardens. Contacts with the colonel were brief but frequent, and finally he began to thaw. I could submit a script, he said, not very

hopefully, adding that he was already tied up with the B.B.C.

Perhaps it was the fraternity of the air, the one-pilot-to-another magic, perhaps it was simply that the colonel was desperate to get rid of me. In any case, the script was accepted, and I was told that I might interview the pilot.

The T.U.104 was surrounded by armed guards. Rope barriers were put in place, airport police shooed away the press, and there was no sign of Colonel Volodin.

I looked at my team of seven technicians—directors, cameramen, a continuity girl—standing disconsolately amid the jungle of their equipment. It was unthinkable that I should fail now. Somehow I found the airport press officer; somehow he gave me permission to take my team into the plane; somehow I found myself in it, smiling manfully at the pilot, a big, bony man called Starikov.

The aircraft was furnished in the taste of the worst period of the Victorian mahogany age. There were lace curtains, vast, pretentious seats, and coyly curtained lavatories—two. All the thing lacked was an aspidistra. When the cameras had finished inside, we returned to the tarmac and I had a few words with Starikov.

He nodded quite agreeably while the interpreter quoted me details of the T.U.'s performance; seemed sad when I proclaimed the aircraft mechanically good but economically unsound, but bucked up considerably when the interpreter told him I had no legs.

There was, it appeared, a Russian who had flown like this.

All the strain and anxiety of the last week was suddenly forgotten. We shook hands enthusiastically. Starikov gave me a medal, "as one pilot to another in the interests of world peace," the interpreter explained.

No one else, either of the B.B.C. or the press, had managed to speak to the pilot. I had brought off a "scoop."

Encouraged, if slightly surprised, I bombarded Associated-Rediffusion with ideas. Some of these were "naturals," such as my presentation on Battle of Britain Day last year of my old love and creditor, the Spitfire. A natural, too, was my coverage of the Farnborough Air Display.

In the late summer of 1956, the conditions seemed propitious for the realization of the two ends I had been working for during eight years: directing a business of my own, and setting up a home for June and Hadley.

The first proved easier than the second. Our small firm had prospered far more quickly than I could have hoped. We were already handling several industrial accounts, and my connection with television attracted others.

In September I decided that the moment was then or never. Taking two of our three directors—and all our accounts—with me, I moved from the rather impressive offices in Harley Street to temporary and ramshackle premises near Shaftesbury Avenue.

There remained the problem of finding a house. We finally found what we wanted, June and I, in two low, adjoining and rambling thatched cottages in a charming village on the borders of Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire.

The garden was wild and some of the venerable trees had to come down. Fifty miles from London, with wide skies and generous fields, Worminghall has the tang and taste of the country for which, since I left Somerset, I have always longed.

There is shooting, and I will have dogs; there is a hunt nearby, so I will see horses. There will be Hadley, a bright, clever boy interested in everything. Above all, there will be June.

She admits freely that it is only in the last three years that she has learned to love me. This I contest, or she must find some other and equally tremendous word for the loyalty and courage and sustaining grace with which she filled the difficult years since 1948.

There will be the future. My mutilation—for facts and words must be faced—only changed in degree and not in kind the problems which all of my generation faced after the war. Having tin legs was a personal and peculiar slant on a struggle which was essentially the same for all of us.

But quite lately, as it were inevitably, I achieved my last and most bitterly contested reconciliation—that with flying. It came about when I was taking part in a television film showing a trial flight made by the French version of the Comet, the Caravelle.

We took off in bad weather from Orly and landed in worse at Toulouse. From there we set course for Casablanca. We were just approaching Madrid. Our technicians had set up their sound apparatus and cameras and were about to start filming, when I felt the oncome of a too familiar feeling.

My breath started to come in gasps, and at the back of my brain a small, grey and invading fog began its forward spread.

Quicker than anyone else, I knew what was happening—the pressure had failed. I stumbled up to the front, where, as in all development aircraft, the gauges and meters were displayed on a panel behind the pilot's cabin. I read our height. It was 31,000 feet, the exact figure I had seen on my Spitfire's altimeter that day eleven years before when, gasping for oxygen, I turned the fighter on its back and fell like a plummet through the cloud to crash and be captured at St. Omer.

For a few seconds I stood there, on the verge of an uncontrollable trembling. Then, as if brushing something for ever from my mind, I sat down calmly while the pilot took us down to lower and heavier air.

Three hours later, when we landed back at Paris, I had no reaction at all. Flying had returned to my life, not to fill, but to enrich it. I feared the air no longer and, with that fear lost, no longer feared myself.

THE END

"Best Foot Forward" by Colin Hodgkinson is published as a book by Odhams, price 18s.

men on the GO

GO FOR

Coopers Y-FRONT REGD underwear

BRIEFS AND SINGLETS IN PANEL RIB OR COTTON MESH

6'6

Midways & Vests in panel rib cotton
all sizes 7/6 per garment

REGD.

MADE IN GREAT BRITAIN ONLY BY LYLE AND SCOTT OF SCOTTISH KNITWEAR FAME

Mr. Boles and Mr. Hartley

Continued from page 21

already asleep, staggered drunkenly across the embers of the cooking fire that the servant had used for his own food, and kicked the fire angrily this way and that, cursing it for being in the way. The sparks flew up and landed on Mr. Boles's grass roof. . . .

It would take a couple of days to build another grass hut; nothing of value was burned and Mr. Boles was not hurt. But it was the end of everything. Mr. Boles cursed Mr. Hartley for a drunken old fool, and said if he ever set foot on the farm again he would put the dogs on him. Mr. Hartley went away through the dark bush mad with rage, saying he would get even with Mr. Boles. . . .

One day some months later an insurance man from the city came up to our place, trying to sell insurance, and we gave him dinner and a bed for the night, of course, although we had plenty of insurance already. He was a very young man, just out of school. Mr. Hartley had struck him as the veritable hundred-per-cent old-timer who had done so much to develop the country. We did not upset this idea, but went on listening.

For from his talk two strange facts were emerging. The first was that the cautious and efficient Mr. Boles would have no insurance at all. His living huts were not worth insuring, he said; and as for his farm, his fireguards were in proper order. He had no fear of hail, or high winds, or pests. Efficiency could ward these evils off.

The second was that Mr. Hartley had insured his house and effects for £3,000. We made no comment to the young man from the city; but a couple of days later we drove over to see how Mr. Hartley was.

In his brick shack we found a new grand piano and two radiograms, one for the bedroom and one for the living-room. We found a washing machine that worked off some batteries. We found new furniture, cupboards full of fine new clothes; and outside the house an expensive American car.

Mr. Hartley was very pleased to see us, and he told us a long, tearful story about how once, in Canada, he had set fire to a store he had owned for the sake of the insurance. He was a wicked man, he said, and God would punish him. My father was religious and agreed that He very likely would. He added that liars were particularly offensive in the sight of the Almighty.

This was, of course, not on account of the fire in Canada, where Mr. Hartley had never been, but from fear of the future. For Mr. Hartley went on to boast that he had paid one half of the value of his new belongings. He had sold all his farm equipment—everything—to raise the money.

MY father inquired mildly what Mr. Hartley would do if—by some stroke of good luck—he managed to win a lottery or was left, perhaps, by some kind relative, the sum of £3,000.

Mr. Hartley's wet little eyes lit up at this remarkable coincidence with his own thoughts and he explained that he would show them. He would show everybody. He'd show Ted Boles how to farm—he was going to dairy farm as no one in the district had ever done, and then Ted Boles would learn that experience was worth more than years of college learning.

It all looked very bad.

The next day my father went down to his boundary with Mr. Hartley and burned out a half-mile stretch all along it. Then he went over to see Mr. Boles. He noted, on the way, that Mr. Boles had ploughed a hundred-yard strip all along his boundary, which was, it seemed, what his particular textbook recommended. My father said casually enough that they were in for a bad season with fires. Hardly any rain last wet season and the grass was already as dry as paper, and it was only April.

Mr. Boles nodded and said yes. Then he began on a long tirade against Mr. Hartley. It was a disgrace, he said, that four thousand acres of good soil were occupied by an old drunkard—not merely occupied, but being ruined by him—when they might feed half a dozen families, if properly used.

Was Mr. Boles thinking of buying some more land, perhaps, inquired my father. No. Mr. Boles was filled with a purely altruistic rage. It was the anger of a good farmer. He did not want Mr. Hartley's farm. All he wanted was to see it in good hands.

My father said that he thought it would be a good idea if Mr. Boles widened his fireguards. Mr. Boles said that his fireguards were quite correct. "Correct" was the word he used.

It was in June that Mr. Hartley had his first fire. It was well away from our side, towards the mountains. Mr. Boles's men put it out. Mr. Hartley's labourers took no notice of it because their master ignored it.

A week later a fire started on our farm, no one knew how, and it took half a day to get it under control.

It was in mid-August that the trouble started. One hot morning we saw clouds of dark, greasy smoke banging over Mr. Hartley's place. We thought he had set fire to his homestead, but, when we reached it, the fire was burning half a mile away, working uphill against the wind.

Mr. Hartley had gone into town for the day, begging a lift from someone going in, and he had left his new car standing against the wall of his house. He had given his servants passes to visit, and all the men in the compound had weekend leave. It was clear that he meant that fire to burn along quietly until the homestead and all his new belongings went up.

Mr. Boles arrived with his gang of workers half a minute after we did, and we all proceeded to the fire. It was all as we had seen it many times before: a hot morning, the empty, burning bush, the birds crying and wheeling over the smoke.

But what was new about this fire was that the other side of it, where it ought, by nature, to be racing away across country before the wind, had been stamped out. Someone had lit it, spread it and then beaten out the fast-burning side.

My father pointed out to Mr. Boles that this was a remarkable phenomenon.

After the fire had been put out Mr. Boles went with my father to the homestead. For the first time Mr. Boles saw all the new furniture and the new car, and he understood. "The damned old scoundrel," he said.

"Very true," said my father, "but if I were you I'd widen my fireguards."

"I'll do it tomorrow," said Mr. Boles. "My men are baling tobacco."

That evening Mr. Hartley came to see us. He was quite sober, almost over-cheerful, talking about the fine time he'd had in town. He thanked us for putting out the fire for him. In all the years when we, or Mr. Boles, had weeded his lands, repaired his fences, or put out his fires, he had never thanked us.

My father wagged a warning finger and said: "Hartley, do you know it is a criminal offence to start a fire?"

Mr. Hartley sounded concerned. "Oh, yes, I did know, surely I did. Yes—a terrible thing, fires. They must cost the country millions of pounds a season."

When Mr. Hartley got home, he found Mr. Boles waiting for him. They had not spoken to each other since that business of the hut burning, months before. Mr. Hartley offered him a drink, but Mr. Boles said: "I've inspected where the fire was, and there's nothing left that could start up again."

"Oh, that's fine," said Mr. Hartley.

"One of these days, Hartley, you'll do for yourself," said Mr. Boles. And he walked off back to his place. He could feel a shift and change in the air as he went. A low wind was moving in the bushes. In the heavy yellow sky, a vapour of cloud and old smoke was pouring slowly across to the south-west. By the time he reached his two grass huts, the wind was set steady from the north-east. In the wet season, it was the rain wind. But it would not rain this time of the year.

Mr. Boles ate some cold meat, and then sat outside his sleeping hut a little while. He watched the obscured sky, and smelled the heavy, smoky air.

He was just going to bed, saying to himself that the old man had probably drunk himself off to sleep, when he saw a great flame leap up beside the shape of a small black tree miles away. In an instant he had clanged the gong to wake the men, who came tumbling out of their huts to the signal, and at once raced off through the bush to the fire, stripping the boughs off the trees as they went.

Mr. Boles got into his car and followed them. The fire was already a wall of yellow flame just down the hill past Mr. Hartley's house. The old man was lying in bed, pretending to be asleep. He started up, rolling his eyes, as Mr. Boles clouted him over the shoulder. "Get out of here if you don't want to be burned alive, you old fool," said Mr. Boles; and, without waiting to see what the old man did, he was in his car and off again.

Mr. Boles just had time to turn his car into the bush, and back on to the road before the fire came up. He raced down ahead of it towards the homestead. His men, who were just coming up through the dark, turned and ran beside him. There was a clear space of ploughed land below the homestead. Mr. Boles drove the car straight on to it, and the men came crowding beside him. They turned to watch the high wall of flame crash past. These were not the low flames of the morning, working hard against a wind. Now the wind was lifting them along.

QUICKLY the fire leaped up into the trees and ran from branch to branch, momentarily lighting a blackening trunk, or lifting a black frond of leaves into the red glare. The flames leaped the spaces from one tree to another, so that the leaves were flaring up while the trunks still remained whole. Then the flames writhed in a red flicker down the trunks as the branches twisted and fell.

A few of the men held their elbows across their averted faces, and darted out to beat futilely at the edges of the fire. Their branches sank once into the flames, and took fire. Mr. Boles yelled at them to get back into safety. Even from there the heat beat into their faces in waves of pain. For a few minutes they stood, helpless, on the safety of the ploughed field. Then the fire swept over Mr. Hartley's homestead like water engulfing a village.

Mr. Boles left his car in the field, and yelled to his men to get back to his own farm, to defend the boundary.

Suddenly, from the dark, came a thunder. It was Mr. Hartley's cattle, running from the fire. They came past in a bunch, heads tossing, bellowing, crazed with fear.

Mr. Boles could hear his own cattle bellowing from their kraal four miles off. He shouted at his men again, and now they were all running, heads down, lungs rasping with the smoke. They were running for their lives. They reached the boundary, and looked back. The fire was four miles long now, a few hundred yards behind, the flames reaching up into the sky.

Mr. Boles hesitated no more than a few seconds. He could see his fireguard was useless. He shouted at his men to run on, to the tobacco barns.

As the men ran past, they flung down the bars of the gate. The animals came fighting their way out, climbing over each other's backs, using their hooves and horns. They stood outside the gate, milling about, tossing their heads at the great fire, screaming at it. Then they turned and blundered off in all directions into the veld. It would take weeks to round them up.

The fire had reached the boundary. A wind came racing behind it, lifted a handful of fire into the air and tossed it like a ball into the thick grass beyond the ploughed strip. Mr. Boles's farm was alight.

The fire reached the tobacco barns before the men did. The tall red-brick

STRANGE TALES OF THE SEA • 19

by Commander Douglas Duff

Poison came on painted wings

THE oil tanker Sarwaro was twenty-six hours out from its loading port, forging its way across the calm waters of the Caribbean in the summer of 1955, when two of the deck-hands developed a mysterious skin disease. Soon the irritation was so severe that the men had to be pinioned.

At first the captain was not worried, but when nineteen more of his crew, including some of the officers and engineers, developed the same symptoms, matters became serious. None of the ship's remedies helped. The symptoms matched nothing described in the official medical guides. Even the International Radio Medical Institute in Rome confessed itself beaten.

By the next day, twenty-five of the ship's company of forty-two were helpless with the maddening disease. Seventeen men could not run the big ship for very long. Worse, the sick were growing panic-stricken with their fears as they weakened and nothing could be done to help them.

Mutiny seemed likely when the radio failed to raise a ship with a doctor, or to get any advice on how to treat the outbreak. Those still capable of movement dragged themselves to the bridge and threatened dire action if the captain did not alter course.

Then a radio message arrived.

"Look at this, sir," the radio officer said excitedly. "The Medical Institute came back and asked if anything strange had happened during the last few days. So I told them about that huge swarm of butterflies which settled on us while we were in port. That seemed to strike them because they asked me to describe the butterflies closely. After that there was an interval and now I've got this——"

The captain read aloud: "Type of insect you describe carries powerful irritant poison on wings which penetrates human pores causing symptoms as detailed." A prescription easily made up from the ship's medical stores and instructions on how to use it were added.

The Sarwaro was spared bloodshed, misery, death and disgrace—brought aboard by insects.

when I say

SHAPES!

The way dogs love Spillers Shapes, you'd think they were the only biscuits in the world. Has your dog tried them? They're not only good — they're full of the good things he needs. There's **WHEATMEAL** for cereal nutrition, **SUPER** for active vitamins, **FRUIT** for digestion, **GINGER** for energy. More like a banquet than biscuits. Just the sort of nourishing food a dog needs *every day!*

Dogs prefer
SPILLERS
SHAPES

4 SHAPES — 4 FLAVOURS

For his other daily feed give him Spillers Winalot Meal, the dog's wheatmeal food.

FREE BOOK *'Your Dog' is a 42-page book packed with useful hints on a dog's training, health and happiness. Write today for a free copy to Spillers Limited, Dept. JB2, 40 St Mary Axe, London EC3*

SS

REAL AMERICAN FLAVOUR...
when the cigarette is
Philip Morris

The same rich smoking pleasure known in over 70 countries of the world is here... for you. When you smoke Philip Morris you smoke America's finest cigarette—the cigarette preferred by discriminating smokers. Rich in extra-fragrant tobaccos, Philip Morris make smoking what it ought to be—*pure pleasure*. Just try them.

CALL FOR **Philip Morris**

FOR MORE SMOKING PLEASURE *4/- for 20*

it's the wise man with a **THIRD HAND** to-day

Nowadays it can be no laughing matter for the man who hasn't his "third hand" handy in the home, garage or workshop. The Mole Wrench locks, with a positive grip, on to the job-in-hand leaving both hands free — your "third hand" in fact, used as super pliers, wrench, hand-vice, clamp.

THE MOLE TRADE MARK SELF-GRIP WRENCH

FROM IRONMONGERS, MOTOR and MOTOR CYCLE ACCESSORY DEALERS. Two sizes: 7", 12/6 and 10", 15/-.

If in difficulty, write to:
M. MOLE & SON LTD., BIRMINGHAM, 3

RHEUMATIC PAINS

Years of RELIEF—thanks to De Witt's Pills!

In 1940, Mr. P. Board of Bristol wrote: *"Suffered badly from Muscular Rheumatism... De Witt's Pills gave me relief ... 2 small bottles and I am free from all pain"*

Read his latest opinion: *"A few years ago I wrote to you telling you what wonderful benefit I got from De Witt's Pills. My wife also thinks the Pills put her right if she has a touch of backache."*

For the same "wonderful benefit" Mr. Board got, start taking De Witt's Pills TODAY! Within a few hours of taking your first dose, **you will have unmistakable evidence** that De Witt's Pills have acted directly on your kidneys. They promptly stimulate kidney action, so assisting to flush from your system those impurities that can be causing your rheumaticky aches and twinges, backache or sciatica.

Remember: Because De Witt's Pills help to restore healthy kidney action, they can make a wonderful day-to-day difference to your general health. So get a supply from your chemist NOW— 2/1, 4/2 and 6/9.

De Witt's PILLS

Made specially to relieve RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, LUMBAGO and SCIATICA

Dear Sir,

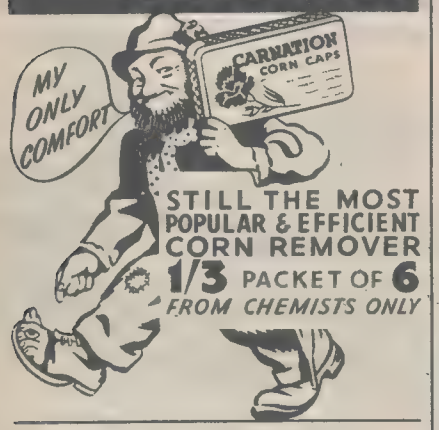
How can I control my hair without greasing it down?

The answer is to choose a hairdressing that controls every single hair. Modern science has found that this is achieved by an emulsion composed of an aqueous solution within pure natural oils. Here you have the secret of Brylcreem.

The special emulsion enables the oil to spread evenly over the whole head, giving lustre and suppleness to every hair strand. The hair is controlled firmly but gently, without mess or grease. And, vitally important, the scalp is kept clean and healthy, free from dandruff and dryness.

Get the double benefit of Brylcreem . . . day-long smartness and lasting hair health.

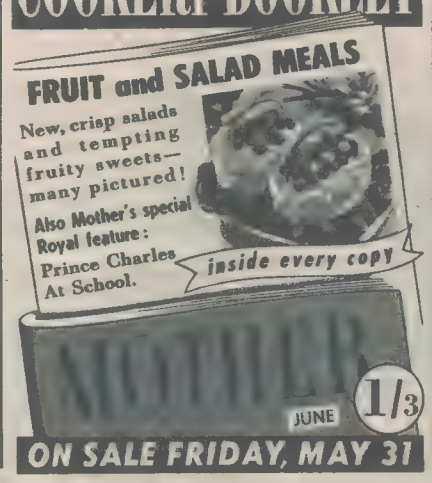
CARNATION CORN CAPS



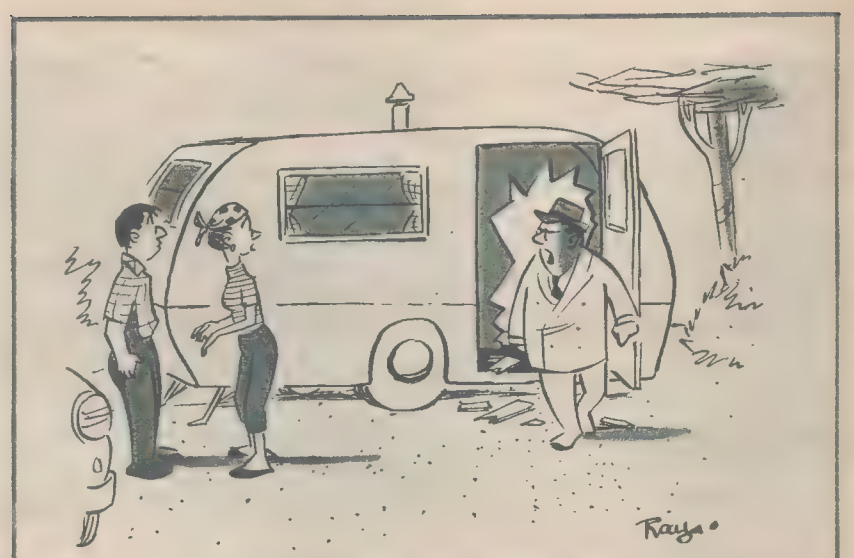
STILL THE MOST POPULAR & EFFICIENT CORN REMOVER
1/3 PACKET OF 6
FROM CHEMISTS ONLY

CUXSON, GERRARD & CO. LTD.

12-PAGE PULL-OUT SUMMER
COOKERY BOOKLET



ON SALE FRIDAY, MAY 31



"I suppose you know you've parked it across a public right of way?"

buildings stood solid and strong for a few minutes as the flames poured up around them. Then an iron roof-plate slipped and crashed, and they saw it twist up in the heat.

Mr. Boles shouted to the men to get to the mealie-dump. They must save that if they saved nothing else. The dump was at the edge of a field. On one side was ploughed land and safety. On the other the thick grass stopped a couple of hundred yards off. On that cleared space were littered, everywhere, bits of grass, bits of mealie sheath.

The men had cut fresh branches from the trees, and were using them as brooms to sweep off the inflammable litter from the space.

The light of the fire shone on their faces, on their white teeth. They began singing. The noise of the fire, like the clang of an army, made the singing sound thin and futile. They stopped singing, and stood waiting. There was not long to wait. Mr. Boles stood on top of the heap and, through the flames, saw his homestead go up.

THE fire had died down at the edge of the ploughed land, but it was surging past on the other side. The white cone of cobs stood, it seemed, in a nest of flame.

And then, all at once, the worst was over. The wing of flame on the dangerous side had swept past. All around now was the black emptiness, glowing lightly as the wind fanned the burned grass. On the white mound, which was not so white now, but charred over where the sparks had fallen and momentarily flared, a hundred black men and one white man lay, spent, sobbing and gasping.

At last they lifted their heads. The fire was a yellow monster half a mile away. It was making a noise like waves on a distant beach. All around the dark glowed and sparkled. They could hear cattle bellowing forlornly from every part of the countryside. They could see Mr. Hartley's homestead, a shell of black, against a greying sky. The night was over, and the fire reached the wide, burnt-out space my father had made, and died.

Mr. Boles told his men to rest, if they could find a place to rest, and went on by himself up the road to where his own huts had been.

He came through stark black trees. At first he could not find the place. Then he saw two mounds of smoking earth with burned grass sticking up.

He saw Mr. Hartley, too. The old man was sitting on a stone in the middle of the black. His face was black, with grey sweat-streaks on it. His hands were red and swollen. His clothes were greasy, blackened rags. He held out his hands to Mr. Boles as if to say: *Look, I've been fighting the fire, too.*

Mr. Boles looked down at his own hands. They were painful. They were puffed and red and the skin was cracking. He said nothing at all to Mr. Hartley. His legs gave way and he sat down in the hot, dry, black-littered soil.

"I didn't do it," said Mr. Hartley in an insistent rasping voice.

"Oh, go to hell," said Mr. Boles.

"You did insure?" insisted the old man, "you did get a good insurance?"

"If I had insured for five thousand, it still wouldn't touch the damage that has been done to the soil, to the trees—to the country."

"The government'll help you," said Mr. Hartley, still in that eager, helpful voice.

Mr. Boles let out a short laugh. Then he stopped. It hurt to laugh. His chest felt like a cage of iron.

"You saved the mealie-dump?"

Mr. Boles simply looked at him. The old man let his head droop, and his eyes fall, like a bad child.

"I never meant to burn your farm," he said at last, in a cracked voice. "I never thought it would go across your fireguards. I thought they would be all right. You do everything so well. You're so scientific and everything."

Mr. Boles went on sitting there, too tired to move. And Mr. Hartley stood in front of him, crying a little.

We found them when we drove up a few minutes later.

When we woke that morning, we saw the smoking black coming all the way down to our boundary and we knew it had happened.

As we drove over, there was nothing but black for miles and miles.

And in the middle of the burned bush were those two men, not saying anything. We took them into the car and drove them home, and made them eat and lie down.

Mr. Hartley cried a lot, and said over and over again that God was going to punish him. My mother dealt with Mr. Hartley. She scolded him like a little boy.

It was Mr. Boles who was hard to deal with. When he woke up, he was angry. He wanted somebody or something punished—not Mr. Hartley, for quite obviously this wouldn't do anything. But it was unfair, he kept saying. It was so damned unfair.

My father talked to Mr. Boles for a long time. Then he lent him some of his farm equipment until he could get on his feet again. Of course he would soon be on his feet. He was not in debt, at least.

Later on, Mr. Boles took over Mr. Hartley's farm, and ran it for him. They used the £3,000 insurance money to build a house with. They both lived in it. Mr. Boles gave Mr. Hartley all the money he made out of his farm except a good manager's salary which he paid to himself. The old man liked living with Mr. Boles. He was better off than he ever had been. He stopped drinking quite a bit, too.

It was all much too much for Mr. Boles, of course, and about two years later he had a bad breakdown, and had to take a long holiday. There was no justice in any of this; it wasn't fair at all, any of it. But perhaps Mr. Boles had stopped expecting things to be fair, by that time. THE END

Danger mark for Britain's water

Continued from page 9

relieved of her daily bucket-carrying: for the Atcham Rural District has been making good progress with its new £1 million water network. More than £60 million worth of rural water-supply schemes are in progress.

Such schemes, the best the present style water authorities can manage, may, says the authoritative professional journal *Water and Water Engineering*, "tide over the next ten years. But after that, what?"

The West Riding is a small area crowded with closely knit towns. At present, nine million gallons of water a day have to be imported from outside the area. A government engineer, after a survey, has suggested that in the next thirty years this amount may well rise to 23 million gallons daily. For many modern industries consume frightening quantities of water, To make one ton of steel requires 65,000 gallons; to manufacture a motor-car, 200,000 gallons; to convert one ton of coal into electricity by steam-raising needs 125,000 gallons. An oil refinery may consume four million gallons a day, as much as a small town. The new atomic power stations, too, will be prodigal water consumers.

If, with the rising standards of living, the whole population were to adopt the habit of daily bathing, the water crisis that followed would be acute. An expert committee, set up by the Ministry of Health in 1948, reported an increase in water consumption in the preceding ten years in the neighbourhood of one-quarter. All their evidence, they reported, pointed to a *doubling* of Britain's water consumption by 1970.

Britain, fortunately, does *have* this water: in an average year rain falls equivalent to two thousand gallons a head a day.

It has been estimated that north and central Wales alone have a supply potential of 700 million gallons a day—a third of the nation's present consumption. The difficulty, of course, is that this bountiful supply is unequally distributed and the least populated areas have the highest rainfall. Something like one hundred inches a year fall on North Wales and the Lake District; twenty-five inches on south and eastern England.

Clearly, only large-scale unified planning, backed by great financial and engineering resources, can hope to tap and equitably re-distribute these rich water reserves.

Today, water must be regarded as a vital raw material. Its development and exploitation clearly calls for national planning as much as the development and exploitation of our coal.

AFTER half a century of frantic "make-do and mend" and deferring to parish pump jealousies, this fact received belated and rather timid acknowledgment in the Water Act, 1945. Conferring on the Minister of Health powers to promote the conservation and proper use of water supplies in England and Wales, the Act allows him to "delimit" areas within which no new borehole can be sunk without his approval.

Now the government has been telling water authorities that the small ones must get together without delay to form joint boards or groupings.

In the West Riding, for instance, a government surveyor has recommended that the existing ninety-four undertakings based on artificial and arbitrary boundaries should be re-formed into ten water undertakings based on natural water areas. In North Devon recently, ten small local authorities and one company have linked up to form a water supply network covering 1,300 square miles. In Kent thirty-one undertakings have been reduced to nine.

But the tragedy of Britain's water has been a tragedy of "too-little-and-too-late"; and it may not be ended yet. For the defenders of the parish pump, their own self-importance at stake, are obstinate men.

In Herefordshire the government's proposals for an all-county joint water board were fought and bickered over for three years. Now at last the government has made a draft order, politely knocking the fourteen authorities' heads together and telling them to get on with it. But by the time the water is in the new pipes, the supply may already have been outdistanced by the booming demand.

Already there are areas—Tees-side for instance — where the progress of Britain's "second industrial revolution" is being held up by the inadequacy of water supplies.

Yet for years, committee after committee has reported on Britain's water problem, hinting, as boldly as they dared, at what needed to be done. Further trifling could be dangerous. Only a national water supply co-ordinating body—as suggested by the British Waterworks Association—with a number of large regional authorities, their areas dictated by the facts of hydrography rather than by ancient parochial boundaries, can set the nation's unrivalled water engineers free to tackle the job as they know it ought to be tackled.

The cost of such large-scale works will not be small; but the dividends could be substantial. For Britain the best insurance against the debilitating effects of more or less continuous economic crisis is to ease our import needs by growing more food at home. Recent tests have shown that a large part of our farmers could substantially improve their output of grass and roots if they were able to irrigate their fields in the dry months.

In south-east England, it has been estimated that this might consume 250,000 gallons of water per acre in a dry summer. A reorganized water system could handle it.

Freeing Britain from the tyranny of the parish pump is not merely a matter of delivering Mrs. Roberts from bucket-carrying or providing Mrs. Jones with more water for her small boy's bath—important as those objects are—but of securing the economic foundations of our national future. THE END

LEAVES FROM

Starke's

HOLIDAY GUIDE BOOK

The quaint national costumes worn at the fiesta will no doubt prove irresistible to the enthusiastic amateur photographer"

Greatest advance in paint since Farmiloes originated Hard Gloss!

Farmiloes are first again—with a new range of Nine Elms Paints containing amazing SILICONES! Silicones have revolutionized your floor, furniture and car polishing, now they will revolutionize your interior and exterior decorating!

What difference will you notice when you paint with the sensationally new Nine Elms? First you'll find they flow on with unbelievable ease—giving you better coverage than anything you have used before. Next you'll find they dry with the smoothest, most even, most beautiful surface you've ever seen. And then, most important of all, you'll discover they *really do* resist wear and the effects of the weather as no paints have ever done before! Rain, condensation, steam cannot penetrate a coat of new Nine Elms, to cause spottiness and damage to the woodwork underneath. On interior walls it stands repeated washing, on the outside it just wears and wears and wears. And the cost? *You pay no more for Nine Elms Siliconised Paints than for any ordinary kinds!*

You *must* try these paints. Insist upon your decorator using them, or, if you 'do it yourself' ask specifically at your paint shop for Nine Elms *Siliconised.* If you don't know where to find your nearest stockist, just mail the coupon and we'll send you his name and address, and our wonderful 1957 colour card, free.

SILICONISED Hard Gloss

SILICONISED Eggshell Finish

SILICONISED 'Faromat' Flat Wallpaint

Other Nine Elms products include Emulsion Paint, Distempers and famous 'Ceilingite'. All made by Farmiloes —the originators of Hard Gloss Paint —makers of quality paints for every purpose.

1957 COLOUR CARDS AVAILABLE FREE! Post this coupon TODAY for new colour cards and brochure of Nine Elms Siliconised Paints and name and address of nearest stockist

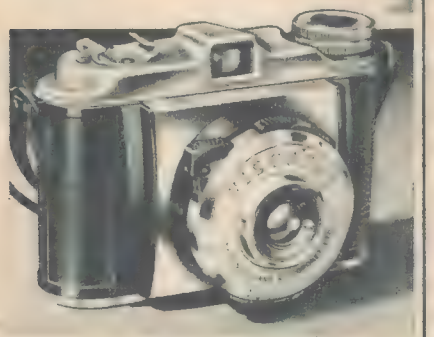
NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

B

T. & W. FARMILOE LIMITED, ROCHESTER ROW, LONDON, S.W.1

Take COLOUR snaps this Summer



FOR COLOUR SNAPS — IN SUNSHINE
BLACK & WHITE — BY DAY OR NIGHT
PRICE 84/-

NEW Coronet Viscount

Expensively styled miniature that "Looks like a Million" but only costs ... **84/-**

Fitted 2 speed shutter, synchronised for flash—colour corrected lens. For 8 exposures Films by Kodak, Ilford, Coronet.

Available from all photographic dealers

For your free copy of "The Viscount Booklet" Write to

DEPT. 29, CORONET CAMERAS, BIRMINGHAM 15

6-NOTE ROTARY DOOR CHIME

Non Electrical. No wires or clockwork. Six Sweet Bell Notes chime when turned. Compact, sprayed all-metal case with Plastic Knob. Easy, ¼" dia. one-hole fixing. (Tool supplied free with full instructions). Fitted to any door up to 2" thick in 2 minutes. Simple, effective, foolproof. Ideal for all houses, flats, hotel bedrooms, etc.

10/- POST FREE

GREEN MONK PRODUCTS, Dept. J.B.
No. 2 Works, Darfield, Barnsley, Yorks

Trade Enquiries invited

YOUR GARDEN can be a mass of PRIZE BLOOMS!

Add Sangral to water . . use just like watering and see the AMAZING RESULTS IN TEN DAYS!

Full instructions on every bottle. Used by exhibitors at the great flower shows

SANGRAL
TEN-DAY FERTILISER
2/- Bottle makes 64 GALLONS

SOLD BY SEEDSMEN, IRONMONGERS, DEPARTMENTAL STORES, WOOLWORTH STORES

GET IT TO-DAY

Are our doctors underpaid?

Continued from page 15

that her mother was only a mile away and could come to see her, Joyce settled down quite happily with the other children.

Our hospital is handy for the people who live in the town, and everyone knows it. It is a chummy place, where a patient keeps his identity and does not become a case number. A score of other doctors use it, but I think of it as *my* hospital, just as many a man talks about *his* club. It does not cater for maternity cases, but there is an excellent maternity unit five miles away, where most of the local babies are born.

Some patients still like to have their babies at home, and we have two first-class district midwives. Although I no longer deliver the seventy-odd babies a year that I once did, I still attend a dozen or so confinements.

My fee for a maternity case is seven guineas, so that, if I attend a dozen cases in a year, they add about £88 to my income. I am also paid a fee of £80 a year by a local factory, which I visit once a week.

I remember starting that job years ago. I had never been inside a factory in my life, and I didn't know a capstan lathe from a hydraulic press. But I concealed my ignorance and made several critical remarks, and at the end of my introductory tour the works manager said: "I can see you understand about factories, Doctor." So I went away and learned something about industrial medicines, and the hazards a man is exposed to in his job. It helps greatly in all my work, for disease is not due to germs only, but to our total environment—our homes, our sports, our jobs. A doctor should have his patient's whole background at his fingertips.

At the factory, I am responsible for the health of young people under eighteen, and for supervising any dangerous processes. I also organize first-aid, advise on minor ailments and point out to the management any health hazards.

One man used to drop off to sleep every afternoon. I found he was operating a de-greasing plant, and had grown to like the sensation caused by inhaling its fumes. He had to be stopped. But, in general, I do not identify myself with the management, and the workers know that they can talk to me in complete confidence. So we are on friendly terms, and I learn a lot about them.

MY final source of income is an additional, and slightly mysterious, payment made to doctors by the state. Although our basic payments are at a fixed rate, which is to include expenses, there is an arrangement for an extra expenses payment to be made as costs rise. This is paid about two years in arrears, and this year I received £150. I have never met a doctor who understands how this figure is worked out, and it bears no relation at all to anything I have had to spend.

See how it all adds up:

	£
2,000 National Health patients at 17s.	1,700
"Loading" for 1,000 patients at 10s.	500
Extra for expenses	150
Twelve maternity cases at seven guineas	88
Hospital fee	45
	2,483
Less 6% superannuation ...	150
	2,333
Factory fee	80
Private patients, insurance examinations, etc.... ...	320
Total	2,733

It looks quite an impressive income, and so it is. But a large part of it is absorbed by my overheads, which have an almost infinite variety, and a good many of which are not accounted for in the Health Service calculations. Some patients are very critical. A

"Thank goodness they're asleep at last"

woman sat in the surgery, looked round and sniffed: "Time you had this place redecorated." An irate patient grumbled: "Your car broken down again? Time you got yourself a new one." Others are quite blatant: "I wonder if you would ring up the hospital for me. Then I won't have to pay fourpence."

The surgery did not particularly need redecorating, but it has to be kept clean and respectable, and it has to be heated and lighted. There also has to be hot water. And if the carpet wears out or the roof starts to leak, I must put things right. I pay 35s. a week for my branch surgery, and I reckon that a fair proportion of the rent and rates for my surgery at home is 30s. a week. Cleaning costs me £1 a week at each surgery, and I spend £70 a year on heating and lighting, including the constant hot water. Repairs, decorations and renewals I estimate at £57 a year, and my telephone bills come to £45 a year.

Emergencies happen every day. A patient runs a garden fork into his foot and has to have shots of penicillin and anti-tetanus. Another comes in with a scalp wound to be cleaned and dressed. I am called out late at night to a patient needing an injection. Of course, the state realizes that these things may happen, and I get a special allowance of £2 10s. a year to pay for drugs and dressings needed in emergencies. Actually, they cost me nearer £50, although I do scrounge some here and there.

I subscribe to various medical societies, buy some medical books and belong to a library. These cost me £25 a year. I use a lot of stamps and stationery, totalling about £80 a year. I must insure myself against sickness and accident, at a cost of £40 a year. And I need a part-time secretary-receptionist, whom I pay £150 a year.

All these expenses add up:

	£
Proportion of rent and rates for surgery at home ...	78
Branch surgery rent, at 35s. a week	91
Cleaning, etc., £1 a week per surgery	104
Heating, lighting, constant hot water	70
Repairs, decorations, renewals, say	57
Telephones	45
Car, running costs and depreciation	350
Drugs and new instruments	60
Books, subscriptions, etc. ...	25
Part-time secretary-receptionist	150
Postage, stationery, etc. ...	80
Sickness insurance	40
	1,150

The sickness insurance may not seem very necessary, especially for a doctor. But it is essential. During the winter months, if there are epidemics about, a doctor may be working flat out for weeks at a stretch. When he is exhausted and his resistance is low, some person may cough right in his face—and he may be out of action for weeks. His doctor friends in the neighbourhood are probably rushed off their feet, too, and can't be asked to help. So he must ring up an agency and try to get a locum—who has to be paid. I spent a lot of money in this way in my early days as a doctor, and since then I have always made sure of my sickness insurance.

PERHAPS you think £350 a year for car costs and depreciation is high. But I wear out a car in 60,000 miles, because it works seven days a week in all weathers, gets a minimum of attention, is always starting and stopping and turning round, and has a tendency to bump things in the night when I'm feeling low. Not for me the car which is lovingly washed during the evenings and only used on fine week-ends. If my car gets laid up I have to hire one until it is repaired.

My net income works out at £1,593 a year, and I am taxed on this, just like anybody else. Recently, the government said that it intends to increase doctors' net incomes by five per cent. We do not yet know how this increase will be distributed among doctors, but if it is divided equally my income will increase by about £80 a year.

I make a reasonable income, a much better one than a teacher, not so good as some vets, a lot less than many tradesmen. Nevertheless, there is a general impression among my neighbours that I am pretty well off—chiefly, I suppose, because I run a car and live in a large house. But I must have a car to do my work at all. And as for the large house, I live in it only because I need space for a surgery and a waiting-room.

There is a pension to look forward to at the end of it all, which is based on years of service and average earnings. I am forty-four, and I have been in the National Health Service since it started in 1948. If I carry on until I am sixty-five, my pension, assuming that my earnings remain as at present, will be about £700 a year. But doctors who are nearer the retiring age now will not do so well. No one is eligible for a pension until he has served ten years, and this cannot be before July 5, 1958, the tenth anniversary of the start of the National Health Service.

Medical practices vary considerably, and some doctors are better off than I am, while some do much worse. But, of course, money isn't the only reason why we take on the job. Family doctoring is extremely interesting. I meet all kinds of people, and I get a better insight into human nature than most people in other walks of life. I am still, to a large extent, my own boss, and I am free to use my own judgment.

I think I am pretty case-hardened, but it is still something to me when a patient with whom I have shared a difficult time grips my hand and smiles gratefully.

THE END

Thinking of Judy

Continued from page 23

hundred square miles of jungle for getaways.

He started convulsively as a shadow moved in the bushes fringing the left roadside, a grey shadow that darted on to the road, followed by another. It was a tiny monkey baby scuttling across, pursued by his mother, almost under their wheels. She snatched him up, slapped him and sprang up the cliff with him, chattering furiously.

They all laughed, but Mike's laugh came last, a sort of response to the Malay boys' mirth. The sudden movement had rattled him.

Milestone 44. . . . He saw the white stone gleaming ahead and he stopped thinking. He stopped thinking and put his foot down. It was setting Yusuf a bad example, but he couldn't help it. He couldn't slow for Ambush Corner. He rounded it at fifty, and suddenly it was as if the dark sunglasses had been whipped off his eyes.

What he saw was vivid with the vividness that sudden danger brings—the brilliant sky, the bursting green of the jungle, the cliffs blazing white, the burning red of the road. . . . And on the road the dead Malay policeman, his smartly creased shorts drenched in blood, his round black hat still rolling in the dust.

Beyond the policeman was the overturned police truck with one wheel still spinning, and a twisted, dead figure pinned underneath. A thin terrorist with the five-pointed red star on his tattered cap was dashing across the road to tear the carbine from the dead policeman's hands, and another policeman with blood all over his face was firing from behind the crashed truck.

For a second everything was dominated for Mike by the question of whether he could get the vehicle through the space between the cliff face and the overturned truck, because it was too late to brake. He was incapable of braking, anyway. He had to get through, through and away. . . .

He got through, the way a piston gets through a cylinder, brushing both limestone cliff and upside-down mudguard. He heard Ahmad's Sten rattling deafeningly as they emerged and he felt the wheel jerk under his hand when the bumper caught the thin terrorist and sent him crashing against the cliff.

Mike was crouching over the wheel like a racing driver, for the first time in his life crazy with panic. What the speedometer registered was nothing to the speed of his runaway brain.

They'd got through. They'd got through. Ahmad and Yusuf were laughing and chattering at once, as men do when a crisis of danger is past. The release of tension was like oxygen into a suffocating lung.

They were two hundred yards past the corner before he faced the central fact in the situation back there. That was the wounded Malay policeman. For a flashing second he'd met the man's brave, despairing eyes.

One against how many? Five? Ten? More?

He calculated. In six minutes he could make Johnny Gunn's H.Q. down in the valley, and in ten more, with luck, Johnny's platoon could be in action round Ambush Corner. They might even have heard the shooting and be on their way already, though that was a long chance.

And maybe the wounded policeman was dead already. But no. Just as he pulled up in a cloud of dust, there was more shooting behind them.

Mike leaped out, grabbing his carbine and several magazines, shouting to Yusuf to take over and give Johnny Gunn the alarm. He was going back.

What else could he do? He was on his journey home, off duty, his job done, his last risk taken and survived—and how much difference could one man hope to make to the battle round the corner? But there was a man there, wounded and alone, and help that didn't get there at once wouldn't make much difference to him anyway.

He'd given Ahmad no orders, but the youngster was at his heels, slamming a new magazine into his Sten.

There's a difference between fear and panic. The superstition, the panic, had been shocked out of him and he was himself again. What tensed him now as he turned back was plain fear—something you could handle, something you could lick.

Keeping close under the cliff, they fooled the look-out man and came up behind a squat terrorist in jungle-green pulling the pin out of a bomb with his teeth and poising it while he counted three before lobbing it over the overturned truck on to the wounded policeman. Mike counted three and fired. The terrorist fell forward, across the bomb. When it exploded, he kicked and flopped in the dust.

There was a way up the cliff and Mike charged up it under cover of a burst from Ahmad's Sten until he came on a kneeling gunman in an ambush hide, a cage made of leafy branches bent over and joined in an overhead sun-screen. When the bullets thudded into the gunman's crouching back, he plunged down the cliff.

Mike saw that, and a flashing glimpse of Milestone 44 again and the dark, steady eyes of the wounded policeman peeping round the rear wheel of his truck. But that was all he had had time to see when the bullet hit him. He pitched heavily forward and went diving down below the surface of consciousness. . . .

When he surfaced again, he was sprawled on his belly in a tangle of thorns, and soldier ants were running over his face and peering into his eyes. He saw the flash of a rifle muzzle and a pair of feet in jungle boots stride up and halt close to his face. He thought: *Goodbye, Judy, goodbye. I loved you so.* . . . He closed his eyes.

Then he had a shock, when a voice said: "Well, if it isn't the happy bridegroom."

It was the voice that had led the singing of Auld Lang Syne at his farewell party last night: Johnny Gunn's. It developed an edge as it cracked out orders to the platoon, who were in full command of Ambush Corner.

To the medical orderlies tending the wounded Malay policeman Johnny called down: "Take your time with that boy. There's nothing wrong with Mr. Langston but shock and a hole through his fat. I can fix him up."

It was all over. A victory of sorts, Mike supposed, but it belonged to the past, whereas his thoughts were fixed on the future; a future far away, but now intoxicatingly close. THE END

A Bouquet From A Fellow Roseman

by ROBERT GRAVES

Oh, what does the roseman answer
On receiving a gift bouquet
Of raddled and blowsy roses
From the garden across the way,
From a fellow roseman?

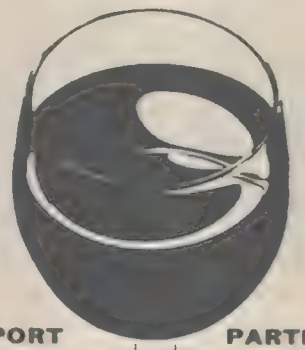
If the roseman is a self-respecting roseman
And nothing other at all,
He flings that bouquet of roses
Clear over his garden wall,
Like a proper roseman.

But, if only a weekend roseman,
He does what he has to do:
"What beautiful blooms," he answers,
"How exceedingly kind of you!"
To the flattered roseman;

And never escapes the insistent
Arrival of new bouquets,
All equally damned and dismal,
All hankering for his praise
As a fellow roseman.

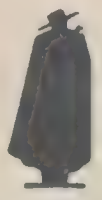
Wonderful thought

SANDEMAN PORT



PICADOR PORT
Light Tawny, 21/- a bottle

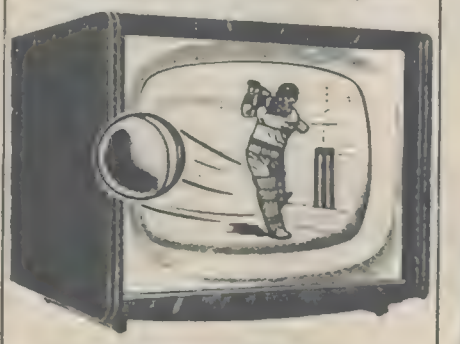
PARTNERS' PORT
Rich Ruby, 22/- a bottle



THE WORLD'S FAVOURITE PORT

GEO. G. SANDEMAN SONS & CO. LTD., 20 ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

D.E.R
brings it home to you



Watch the test matches and many other spectacular television events from the comfort of your own armchair—thanks to D.E.R. Make a test for yourself by accepting our free home demonstration offer.
D.E.R., Britain's leading Television Renters, brings you television for the lowest initial outlay and at unbeatable terms. Latest 17" turret-tuned model for only 10/2 weekly, reducing to 6/11, with FREE room aerial, FREE service and FREE replacements for as long as you rent.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY!

To D.E.R. Ltd., Press Advertising,
70 Richmond Rd., Twickenham. Pop. 8891

D·E·R
Est. 1938

Please send me details of your rental scheme and free home demonstration offer.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Service Areas include: London, Glasgow, Cardiff, Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, Halifax, Birmingham, Bristol, Southampton.

Carry smartness all the way...

You may breathe "Paris" from top to toe, but if your case isn't by Antler there's something wrong with the picture. Antler cases are a fashion that stays: their smartness is right for every travel occasion, and they keep their good looks almost for ever.

Cushiongrip handle, better locks, beautiful linings, many exclusive features.

ask for ANTLER

FROM ANTLER AUTHORIZED DEALERS

ANTLER LIMITED · BIRMINGHAM 3

You'll love delicious P.K. Chewing Gum, and the tasty chewing aids digestion, soothes your nerves and is a treat between meals.

Good to Chew and Good for You!

E110/7

One coat LUXOL

covers any colour

One coat covers any colour

Yes . . . with revolutionary LUXOL you can paint even the lightest colours over dark surfaces—with *just* one coat! You need no undercoat with LUXOL. Its key ingredient is *titanium dioxide*—which gives many times the covering power of ordinary pigments. LUXOL spreads easily and dries quickly to a perfect, non-blooming finish.

Yet *one coat* LUXOL costs no more than other top quality paints! You can choose from an exciting range of intermixable fashionable colours—in velvet flat finish (for walls) or enamel gloss (for indoors *or* out—ideal for kitchens and bathrooms). Choose LUXOL—and halve your painting time and costs!

FREE expert advice. . . . Maybe you've a home painting problem? Or would like the FREE leaflets: "Hints on Home Painting," "How to Choose a Colour Scheme" and colour cards? Then fill in coupon and post (with your questions, if any) to:

PAINTING ADVISORY SERVICE

BRITISH PAINTS LIMITED . NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE 2.

NAME.....

(BLOCK LETTERS)

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

JB:7

BRITISH PAINTS LIMITED, NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE 2

And at LONDON · DUBLIN · SYDNEY · ADELAIDE

TORONTO · CAPETOWN · CALCUTTA · TRINIDAD · NEW YORK · DURBAN

Hornblower and St. Elizabeth of Hungary

Continued from page 17

to obey any signals from Crab, and Crab could do nothing to compel obedience. Shoot away a spar? Not so easy with a six-pounder; and, even if no one were to be killed, there would be a terrible diplomatic storm if he were to fire on the Stars and Stripes.

Could he shadow her, so at least to be on hand when her real purpose was revealed? No; impossible. Anywhere out at sea Daring had only to spread her wings to a fair wind to leave Crab below the horizon in an afternoon, and then Daring could resume her true course unpursued.

Sweating in the stifling night, Hornblower felt like a lassoed wild animal. He was tempted, like a wild animal, to lose all self-control, to lapse into mad panic, to fling away all his strength in an explosion of rage.

But it would not help. He looked round at the circle of faces in the lamplight; the faces wore the sober expressions of men who were witnessing a failure, men who were aware that they were in the presence of an admiral who had made a woeful hash of the first important business he had encountered. That in itself could drive him insane with fury.

PRIDE came to help him. He would not sink to human weaknesses in the sight of these men.

"I shall sail in any case," he said, coldly, "as soon as I have a crew and a steam tug."

"May I ask what Your Lordship intends to do?" asked Sharpe.

Hornblower had to think quickly to make a reasonable answer to this question; he had no idea. All he knew was that he was not going to give up without a struggle.

"I shall employ what time I have here in the composition of orders for my squadron," he said. "My flag lieutenant will write them at my dictation, and I shall ask you, Mr. Sharpe, to undertake the distribution of them by all the means you find available."

"Very good, My Lord."

Seeing that these orders would not leave New Orleans until tomorrow, and would travel by slow merchant ship, it was hardly likely that they would reach any ship of the squadron before Daring had done whatever she planned to do. Yet it was necessary to take every possible precaution.

It was noon before Crab cast off and was taken in tow by the tug Temeraire; it was significant of Hornblower's state of mind that he never gave a thought to the implication of that glorious name.

Smoke and sparks were belching from her chimneys, much to Harcourt's indignation. He was afraid not only of fire but of stains on his spotless deck; he had the hands at work pumping up water from overside, continuously soaking deck and rigging.

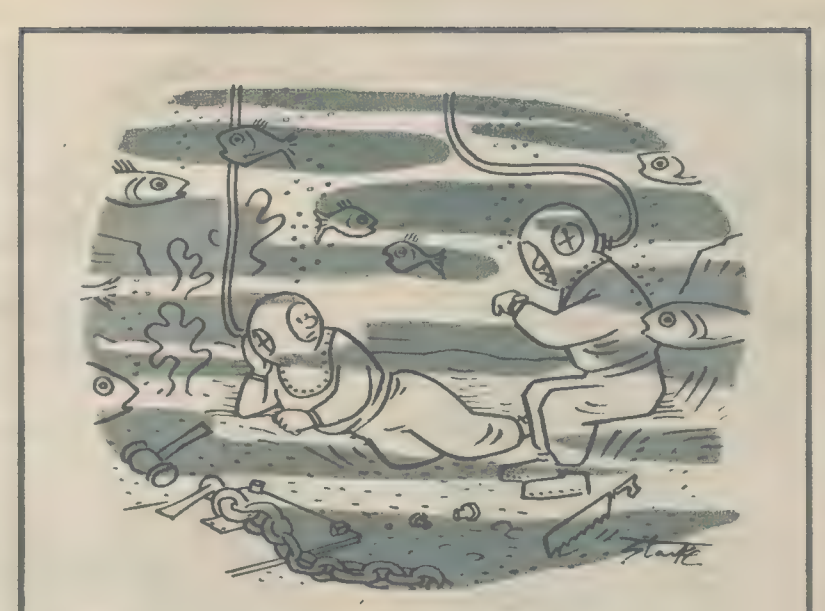
"Breakfast, My Lord?" said Gerard at Hornblower's elbow.

Breakfast? It was one o'clock in the afternoon. He had not been to bed. He had drunk far too much last night, and he had had a busy morning, an anxious morning, and he was as desperately anxious at this moment. His first reaction was to say no; then he remembered how he had complained yesterday—only yesterday? It seemed more like a week ago—about his delayed breakfast. He would not allow his agitation to be so obvious.

"Of course. It could have been served more promptly, Mr. Gerard."

Hornblower forced himself to eat his fruit and his boiled eggs, to drink his coffee despite the heat. He whiled away a considerable time before he came on deck again, and during that period he had actually contrived to forget his problems—at least nearly to forget them. But they returned in full force as soon as he came on deck.

So harassing were they that he could feel no interest in this still unusual method of navigating a river, no interest in the low banks that were going by so fast alongside. This hurried departure from New Orleans



"Okay—break's over"

was only a gesture of despair, after all.

He could not hope to catch the Daring. She would bring off whatever coup she had in mind almost under his very nose and leave him the laughing stock of the world—of his world, at least. This would be the last command he would ever hold.

Hornblower looked back over the years of half pay he had endured since Waterloo. They had been dignified and happy years, one would think, with a seat in the Lords and a position of influence in the county, a loving wife and a growing son, but he had not been living the right life, even so. The five years after Waterloo until at last the course of nature brought his promotion to flag rank had been fretful years: he had only realized it when he knew the intense joy of his appointment to the West Indies.

Now all the years to come until he went down into the grave would be as dreary as those five; more dreary, because they would be unrelieved by the hope of future employment at sea.

Here he was, pitying himself, he said to himself bitterly, when what he should be doing was working out the problems set him. What was it Cambronne had in mind? If he could head him off, arrive triumphantly at the place where Cambronne intended to strike his blow, he could retrieve his reputation. He might be able to intervene decisively.

But there was turmoil everywhere through Spanish America, and through the West Indies as well, save for the British colonies. One place was as likely as another; in any case it would be extremely doubtful if he would have any excuse to interfere—Cambronne probably held a commission from Bolivar or some other leader; but on the other hand the precautions Cambronne had taken seemed to imply that he would prefer that the Royal Navy would not have a chance to intervene.

Intervene? With a crew of sixteen not counting supernumeraries, and with nothing larger than a six-pounder? Rubbish. He was a fool. But he must think, think, think.

"It will be sunset before we sight Saint Philip, My Lord," reported Harcourt, saluting.

"Very well, Mr. Harcourt."

There would be no salutes fired, then. He would make his departure from the United States with his tail between his legs, so to speak. There could hardly fail to be comment about the briefness of his visit. Sharpe might do his best to explain why he had left so hurriedly, but any explanation would be unsatisfactory. In every way this command for which he had yearned was turning out to be a fiasco. . . .

"Your dinner is served, My Lord," said Gerard, appearing on deck again.

Darkness was closing in round the Crab as Hornblower went below, but the cabin was hot and stuffy. They would report to him from the deck if the miracle had happened, if Daring's two steam tugs had broken down, or if Daring had run aground, and they were passing her triumphantly.

Absurd hope. He was a fool.

After dinner, his servant Giles set out the silver spirit lamp, the silver coffee pot, the porcelain cup—Barbara's last present to him. Somehow there was comfort in coffee despite his misery; the only comfort in a black world. . . .

On deck again it was quite dark. On the starboard bow gleamed a light, moving steadily aft to the starboard beam; that must be one of the lighthouses installed by the Americans to make the navigation of the Mississippi as convenient by night as by day. It was one more proof of the importance of this developing commerce—the fact that as many as six steam tugs were being constantly employed was a further proof.

"If you please, My Lord," said Harcourt in the darkness beside him. "We are approaching the Pass. What orders, My Lord?"

What could he do? He could only play a losing game out to the bitter

IDEAS—3

Only the wise possess ideas; the greater part of mankind are possessed by them.

S. T. Coleridge

end. He could only follow Daring, far, far astern of her, in the hope of a miracle, a fortunate accident. The odds were a hundred to one that, by the time he reached Corpus Christi, the bird would be flown, completely vanished. Yet perhaps the Mexican authorities, if there were any, or local gossip, if he could pick up any, might afford him some indication of the next destination of the Imperial Guard.

"As soon as we are at sea, set a course for Corpus Christi, if you please, Mr. Harcourt."

"Aye, aye, My Lord."

That was done then, the decision was taken. Yet he stayed up on deck, trying to wrestle with the problem.

He felt rain on his face and soon it was falling in torrents, roaring on the deck, soaking his best uniform. His cocked hat weighed on his head like lead with the accumulation of water in the brim. He was about to take shelter below when his mind began to follow an old train of thought, and he stayed. Gerard loomed up in the darkness with his sou'wester and oilskins, but he paid no attention to him.

Was it possible that all this was a false alarm, that Cambronne had nothing else in mind than to take back the Guard to France? No, of course not. He would not have taken six hundred muskets on board in that case, nor bales of uniforms, and there would have been no need for a hurried and clandestine departure.

"If you please, My Lord," said Gerard, standing insistently by with his oilskins.

Hornblower remembered how, before he left England, Barbara had taken Gerard to one side and had talked to him long and earnestly. No doubt she had been telling him of the need to see he did not get wet and that he had his meals regularly.

"Too late now, Mr. Gerard," he said, with a grin. "I'm soaked through."

"Then please, My Lord, go below and shift your clothes."

There was genuine anxiety in Gerard's voice, a real concern.

"Oh, very well," said Hornblower. He made his way down the little companion, Gerard following him.

"Giles!" called Gerard sharply; Hornblower's servant appeared at once. "Put out dry clothes for His Lordship."

Giles began to bustle round the little cabin, kneeling on the deck to fish a fresh shirt out of the chest. Half a gallon of water cascaded down beside him as Hornblower took off his hat.

"See that His Lordship's things are properly dried," ordered Gerard.

"Aye, aye, sir," said Giles, with sufficient restrained patience in his tone to make Gerard aware that it was an unnecessary order. Hornblower knew that these men were both fond of him. So far their affection had survived his failure—for how long?

"Very well," he said in momentary irritation. "I can look after myself now."

He stood alone in the cabin, stooping under the deck beams. Unbuttoning his soaking uniform coat, he realized he was still wearing his ribbon and star; the ribbon, as he passed it over his head, was soaking wet, too. Ribbon and star mocked at his failure, just at the very moment when he was sneering at himself for hoping again that Daring might have gone aground somewhere during her passage down the river.

A tap at the door brought Gerard back into the cabin.

"I said I could look after myself," snapped Hornblower.

"Message from Mr. Harcourt, My Lord," said Gerard unabashed. "The tug will be casting off soon. The wind is fair, a strong breeze, east by north."

"Very well."

A strong breeze, a fair wind, would be all in Daring's favour. Crab might have stood a chance of overhauling her in fluky, contrary airs. Fate had done everything possible to load the dice against him.

Giles had taken the opportunity to slip back into the cabin. He took the wet coat from Hornblower's hand.

"Didn't I tell you to get out?" blared Hornblower, cruelly.

"Aye, aye, My Lord," replied Giles imperturbably. "What about this—this cap, My Lord?"

He had picked up the bearskin cap of the Imperial Guard which was still lying in the locker.

"Oh, take it away," roared Hornblower.

He had kicked off his shoes and was beginning to peel off his stockings when the thought struck him; he remained stooping to consider it.

A bearskin cap—bales and bales of bearskin caps. Why? Muskets and bayonets he could understand. Uniforms, too, perhaps. But who in their sane senses would outfit a regiment for service in tropical America with bearskin caps?

He straightened up slowly, and stood still again, thinking deeply. Even uniform coats with buttons and embroidery would be out of place among the ragged ranks of Bolivar's hordes; bearskin caps would be quite absurd.

"Giles!" he roared, and when Giles appeared round the door. "Bring that cap back to me."

He took it into his hands again; within him surged the feeling that he held the clue to this mystery.

There was the heavy chain of lacquered brass, the brazen Imperial eagle. Cambronne was a fighting soldier of twenty years' experience in the field; he would never expect men

FRY'S feast from the fabulous East!

Here's your magic-carpet ride to romance! *Real* Turkish Delight now *doubly* delicious in a cream-smooth coating of Fry's Milk Chocolate. Have some TODAY.

4D

Happy Savers

OVER 20,000

SAVERS WILL SHARE NEARLY

£1,000,000

IN PRIZES IN JUNE

On June 1st the first Premium Savings Bond draw will be held, for those who have held the Bonds for six months.

Thereafter a draw will be held every month.

It is estimated that the July Prize Fund will be over £250,000.

PREMIUM SAVINGS BONDS

BUY NOW—for the January Draw and a Happy New Year

Issued by the National Savings Committee, London, S.W.7

wearing things like this to wage war in the pestilential swamps of Central America or the stifling cane-brakes of the West Indies. Then . . . ?

The Imperial Guard in their uniforms and bearskins, already historic, would be associated in everyone's mind with the Bonapartist tradition, even now making itself felt as a political force.

A Bonapartist movement? In Mexico? Impossible. In France, then?

Within his wet clothes Hornblower felt a sudden surge of warmth as his blood ran hot with the knowledge that he had guessed the solution. St. Helena! Bonaparte was there, a prisoner, an exile in one of the loneliest islands in the world. Five hundred disciplined troops arriving by surprise out of a ship flying American colours would set him free. . . .

And then? There were few ships in the world faster than the Daring. Sailing for France she would arrive there before any warning could reach the civilized world. Bonaparte would land with his Guard.

Oh, the purpose of the uniforms and bearskins was quite plain. Everyone would remember the glories of the Empire. The French Army would flock to his standard as it had done once before when he returned from Elba. The Bourbons had already outworn their welcome—Sharpe had remarked how they were acting as international busybodies in the hope of dazzling the people with a successful foreign policy. Bonaparte would march again to Paris without opposition.

Then the world would be in a turmoil once more. Europe would experience again the bloody cycle of defeat and victory.

After Elba a campaign of a hundred days had been needed to overthrow Bonaparte at Waterloo, but a hundred thousand men had died during those hundred days, millions and millions of money had been expended. This time it might not even be as easy as that. Bonaparte might find allies in the disturbed state of Europe. There might be twenty more years of war, leaving Europe in ruins.

Hornblower had fought through twenty years of war; he felt physically sick at the thought of their repetition. The prospect was so monstrous that he went back through the deductions he had been making, but he could not avoid reaching the same conclusion.

Cambronne was a Bonapartist; no man who had been Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial Guard could be anything else. It was even indicated by a trifle—at Sharpe's reception he had worn the Bonapartist Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honour instead of the Bourbon Grand Cordon which had been substituted for it.

CAMBRONNE had done that with his consul's knowledge. Vautour was a servant of the Bourbons, but he must be a traitorous one; the whole business of chartering the Daring and sending her fatal freight on board could only have been carried out with the connivance of the French authorities—presumably France was riddled with a fresh Bonapartist conspiracy.

The Baroness Vautour's behaviour was further proof.

Central America and the West Indies might be in a turmoil, but there was no particular strategic point there—as well he knew after so much wondering about it—inviting an invasion by the Imperial Guard in uniforms and bearskins. It must be St. Helena, and then France.

He could have no doubt about it now. Now the lives of millions, the peace of the whole world, depended on the decisions he had to make at this moment.

There was a rush of feet on the deck just above his head. He heard ropes slapping down upon it, orders being given, loud creakings. The cabin suddenly leaned over sideways with the setting of sail, catching him completely unaware, so that he staggered and dropped the bearskin cap, which lay unnoticed at his feet. Crab rose to an even keel again. The deck under his feet felt suddenly lively, as if the breath of life had been breathed into it.

They were at sea; they were heading for Corpus Christi. With the wind east by north, Crab would be running wing-and-wing, possibly.

Now he had to think fast, with every second of value. He could not afford to run to leeward in this fashion if he were going to change his plans.

And he knew he was going to change them. He had yearned so desperately for a chance to guess whither Daring would head after calling at Corpus Christi. Now he could intervene. Now he had a chance to preserve the peace of the world.

With his eyes, unseeing, focused upon an infinite distance, he stood in the swaying cabin calling up into his mental sight the charts of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean. The north-east trades blew across them, not quite as reliably at this time of year as during the winter, but constantly enough to be a calculable factor. A ship bound for the South Atlantic—for St. Helena—from Corpus Christi would be bound to take the Yucatan Channel.

Then—especially if her business were such as not to invite attention—she would head for the shoulder of South America, down the centre of the Caribbean, with scores of miles of open sea on either beam. But she would have to pass through the chain of the Antilles before breaking through into the Atlantic.

There were a hundred passages available, but only one obvious one, only one route that would be considered for a moment by a captain bound for St. Helena and with the trade winds to contend with. He would round Galera Point, the northernmost extremity of Trinidad. He would give it as wide a berth as possible, but he could not give it a very wide berth because to the northward of Galera Point lay the island of Tobago, and the Tobago Channel between the two was no more than—Hornblower could not be sure exactly—certainly no more than fifty miles wide. In favourable conditions a single ship could patrol that channel and make certain that nothing passed through unsighted.

It was a typical example of maritime strategy on a tiny scale. Sea power made its influence felt all over the wide oceans, but it was in the narrow seas, at the focal points, that the decisive moments occurred. The Yucatan Channel would not be nearly as suitable as the Tobago Channel, for the former was more than a hundred miles wide.

Crab would get there first; that could be taken for granted, seeing that Daring would have two sides of a triangle to cover, calling at Corpus Christi, and with a long beat to windward as a result. It would be best to employ the advantage so gained to hasten to the Tobago Channel.

There would be just time to anticipate Daring there—just time—and there was a substantial chance that on the way he might meet some ship of his squadron, to take her along with him. A frigate, now. That would give him all the force he needed.

He made his resolve at that moment, conscious as he did so of his quickened heart beat.

"Giles!" shouted Hornblower.

Giles reappeared and, with the wide discretion of a spoiled servant, displayed shocked disapproval at the sight of him still in his wet shirt and ducks.

"My compliments to Mr. Harcourt, and I would be glad to see him here as quickly as is convenient to him."

That was very quickly, naturally, when an admiral needed the presence of a lieutenant.

"Mr. Harcourt, I have decided on a change of plan. There is no time to be lost. Kindly set a course for Cape San Antonio."

"Cape San Antonio. "Aye, aye, sir." Harcourt was a good officer. There was neither surprise nor doubt in his voice as he heard the surprising order.

"When we are on the new course I will explain what I intend to do, if you will have the goodness to report to me with the charts, Mr. Harcourt. Bring Mr. Gerard with you."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Now he could take off his wet shirt and trousers, and dab himself dry with a towel. Somehow the little cabin did not seem so oppressively hot; perhaps because they were out at sea, perhaps because he had reached a decision.

HE was putting on his trousers at the moment when Harcourt had the helm put down. Crab came round like a top, with lusty arms hauling in on the sheets. She lay far over to starboard, with the wind abeam, and Hornblower, one leg in his trousers, after a frantic hop, trying to preserve his balance, fell on his nose across his cot with his legs in the air.

He struggled to his feet again; Crab still heeled over to starboard, farther and then less, as each roller of the beam sea passed under her, each roll taking Hornblower by surprise as he tried to put his other leg into his trousers, so that he sat down twice, abruptly, on his cot before he managed it.

It was as well that Harcourt and Gerard re-entered the cabin only after he had succeeded. They listened soberly while Hornblower told them of his deductions regarding Daring's plans and of his intention to intercept her at the Tobago Channel.

Harcourt took his dividers and measured off the distance, and nodded when he had finished. "We can gain four days on her to San Antonio, My Lord," he said. "That means we'll be three days ahead of her there."

Three days should be just enough start for Crab in the long, long race down the length of the Caribbean.

"Could we call at Kingston on our way, My Lord?" asked Gerard.

It was tempting to consider it, but Hornblower shook his head. It would be no use calling at headquarters, telling the news, possibly picking up reinforcements, if Daring slipped past them as they were doing so.

"It would take too long to work in," he said. "Even if we had the sea breeze. And there would be delay while we were there. We've nothing to spare as it is."

"I suppose not, My Lord," agreed Gerard, grudgingly. He was playing the part of the staff officer, whose duty it was to be critical of any suggested plan. "Then what do we do when we meet her?"

Hornblower met Gerard's eyes with a steady glance; Gerard was asking the question that had been already asked and left unanswered.

"I am forming plans to meet that situation," said Hornblower, and there was a rasping tone in his voice which forbade Gerard to press the matter.

"There's not more than twenty miles of navigable water in the Tobago Channel, My Lord," said Harcourt, still busy with his dividers.

"Then she can hardly pass us unobserved, even by night," said Hornblower. "I think, gentlemen, that we are acting on the best possible plan. Perhaps the only possible plan."

"Yes, My Lord," said Harcourt; his

MY BROTHER

George

AT the age of four, George was so small that he could still perform his party trick of walking under the kitchen table without bending his head. Even at that early age he was audience conscious. Once, when a number of people were gathered in the kitchen, he strutted under the table and from there he recited his favourite poem. Anticipating the applause, he marched out, head in air, only to catch his foot on a rug and end up on his face.

He was always falling over, perhaps because he was usually in such a hurry, but he had the most amazing escapes from injury. Once he slipped at the top of the stairs and somersaulted all the way down, then surprised Mother by standing up and walking calmly away as if nothing had happened.

Our stepfather, who was himself a musician, encouraged me to learn the piano and bought George a miniature violin as soon as he was big enough to play it. At first George showed no interest in it and one day broke it, pretending that he had fallen with it. He changed his mind under my prodding and later we played gay duets together.

As a child he had many admirers, mostly girls. One of my most amusing memories is of him coming along the street doing a violent Cossack dance with six little girls following behind in a tumbling procession. When he was older his flirting nearly influenced his choice of career.

He was at music college and he found that talking to the girl students was a more attractive pastime than the rigorous hours of practice demanded by his violin tutor. So he fixed up a gramophone in the practice-rooms to make it sound as though he was working hard, and spent his time with the girl students in the next room.

Of course, he was caught and warned that romance and study did not mix and that he must choose between them. George has never regretted the choice he made.

Our first musical engagement together was to play a duet at the wedding reception of some friends. This was to be an informal affair in a private house. Instead of choosing light music to suit the mood, we decided to impress the audience by playing the most difficult piece we knew, Elgar's Violin Concerto.

We practised hard, and I suppose we thought that everyone would stop talking to listen to us. Of course, we were wrong and no one paid the slightest attention. This first public performance of George's was not the great success he had hoped for, but he has since made up for it.

WHO IS THIS FAMOUS BROTHER? See page 38

IDEAS—4

No idea is so outlandish that it should not be considered with a searching but at the same time with a steady eye.

Sir Winston Churchill

imagination was hard at work. "If Boney once gets loose again. . . ."

He could not go on. He could not face that appalling possibility.

"We have to see to it that he does not, gentlemen," said Hornblower. "And, now that we have done all that we can, it would be sensible if we took some rest. I don't think anyone has had any sleep for a considerable time."

That was true. Now that he had made up his mind upon a course of action, now that he was committed to it, for good or ill, Hornblower felt his eyelids drooping and sleep overcoming him. He lay down on his cot after his officers had left him.

He closed his eyes. Already he had begun to form the answer to the question Gerard had asked. The answer was a hideous one, something horrible to contemplate. But it seemed to be inevitable. He had his duty to do, and now he could be sure that he was doing it to the best of his ability. . . .

That was how the Crab began her historic race to the Tobago Channel, over a distance nearly as great as the Atlantic is wide, with the brave trade wind laying her over as she thrashed along. All hands on board knew that she was engaged in a race, for in a little ship like Crab nothing could be kept secret; and all hands entered into the spirit of the race with the enthusiasm to be expected of them.

Sympathetic eyes were turned towards the lonely figure of the admiral standing braced on the tiny quarter-deck with the wind singing round him. Everyone knew the chances he was taking; everyone thought that he deserved to win, and no one could guess at his real torment over the certainty that was crystallizing in his mind: that this was the end of his career, whether he should win the race or lose it.

No one on board begrudged the constant labour involved in getting every yard of speed out of Crab, the continual hauling in and letting out the sheets as the sails were trimmed to the least variation of the wind, the lightening and urgent shortening of canvas at the last possible moment as squalls came hurtling down upon them, the instant resetting as the squalls passed on their way.

All hands constituted themselves as unofficial lookouts; there was really no need for the admiral to have offered a golden guinea to the man who should first sight Daring—there was always the chance of an encounter even before reaching the Tobago Channel.

They sighted Cape San Antonio one afternoon, and knew they were through the Yucatan Channel; not only did this give them a fresh departure, but they knew that from now on it would not be extremely unlikely for them to sight Daring at any moment.

Two nights later they passed Grand Cayman; they did not sight it, but they heard the roar of the surf on one of the outlying reefs. That was a proof of how closely Harcourt was cutting his corners; Hornblower felt that he would have given Grand Cayman a wider berth than that—it was a moment when he chafed more than usual at the convention which prohibited an admiral from interfering in the management of his flagship.

The following night they picked up soundings on the Pedro Bank, and knew that Jamaica and Kingston were a scant hundred miles to windward of them.

From this new departure Harcourt could set a fresh course, direct for the Tobago Channel, but he could not hold it. The trade wind took it into its head to veer round south of east, as was not surprising with midsummer approaching, and it blew dead foul. Harcourt laid Crab on the starboard tack—never voluntarily would any captain worth his salt yield a yard to the southward in the Caribbean—and clawed his way as close to the wind as Crab would lie.

"I see you've taken in the tops'ls, Mr. Harcourt," remarked Hornblower, venturing on ticklish ground.

"Yes, My Lord." In response to his admiral's continued inquiring glance Harcourt condescended to explain further. "A beamy schooner like this isn't intended to sail on her side, My Lord. We make less leeway under moderate sail like this, My Lord, as long as we're hauled with a strong breeze."

"You know your own ship best, of course, Mr. Harcourt," said Hornblower grudgingly. It was hard to believe that Crab was making better progress without her magnificent square topsails spread to the breeze. He could be sure that Daring would have every stitch of canvas spread—perhaps a single reef.

Crab thrashed on her way, once or twice shipping it green over her starboard bow; those were the moments when it was necessary for every man to grab and hold on.

At dawn next morning there was land right ahead, a blue line on the horizon—the mountains of Hayti. Harcourt held on until noon, raising them farther and farther out of the water, and then he went about. Hornblower approved—in an hour or two the land breeze might set in and there was Beata Point to weather.

It was maddening that on this tack they would actually be losing a little ground, for it was perfectly possible that Daring, wherever she was, might have the wind a point or two more in her favour and would be able to hold her course direct. And it was quite remarkable to see the foremast hands raising wetted fingers to test the wind, and studying the windward horizon, and criticizing the way the quartermaster at the tiller struggled to gain every yard to windward that he could.

For a day and a half the wind blew foul; in the middle of the second night Hornblower, lying sleepless in his cot, was roused by the call for all hands. He sat up and reached for his dressing-gown while feet came running above his head. Crab was leaping madly.

"All hands shorten sail."

"Three reefs in the mains'l!" Harcourt's voice was pealing out as Hornblower reached the deck.

The wind blew the tails of Hornblower's dressing-gown and nightshirt up round him as he stood out of the way by the taffrail; darkness was roaring all round him. A midsummer squall had come hurtling at them in the night, but someone had had a weather eye lifting and had been prepared for it. Out of the southward had come the squall.

"Let her pay off," shouted Harcourt. "Hands to the sheets!"

Crab came round in a welter of confused water, plunged, and then steadied. Now she was flying along in the darkness, belying her unlovely name. She was gaining precious distance to the northward; an invaluable squall this was, as long as it permitted them to hold this course.

The roaring night was hurrying by; Hornblower's dressing-gown was whipping about his legs. It was impossible not to feel exhilarated to stand thus, compelling the elements to work in their favour, cheating the wind that thought to take them by surprise.

"Well done, Mr. Harcourt," shouted Hornblower into the wind as Harcourt came and stood beside him in the darkness.

"Thank you, sir—My Lord. Two hours of this is what we need."

Fate granted them an hour and a half at any rate, before the squall died away and the trade wind pig-headedly resumed its former direction of east-by-south. But next morning at breakfast Giles was able to report good news.

"Wind's backing to the nor'rard, My Lord," he said—Giles was as interested as everyone else in the vessel's progress.

"Excellent," said Hornblower; it was only some seconds later that the dull pain grew up again inside him. That wind would bear him more swiftly to his fate.

As the day wore on, the trade wind displayed some of its midsummer freakishness. It died away, died away more and more, until it blew only in fitful puffs, so that there were intervals when Crab drifted idly over the glassy blue sea, turning her head to all points of the compass in turn, while the vertical sun blazed down upon a deck in whose seams the pitch melted.

Flying fish left fleeting dark tracks upon the enamel surface of the sea. No one cared; every eye was scanning the horizon for the first hint of the next cat's-paw of wind creeping towards them. Perhaps, not too far away, Daring was holding her course with all sail set and drawing.

The day ended and the night went by, and still the trade wind did not blow; only occasionally would a puff send Crab ghosting along momentarily towards the Tobago Channel. The sun blazed down, and men limited to a ration of two quarts of water a day were thirsty, thirsty all the time.

They had seen very few sails, and the ones they saw were of no use in furthering Hornblower's plans; an island schooner bound to Belize; a Dutchman homeward bound from Curaçao; no one with whom Hornblower could entrust a letter, and no ship of his own squadron—that was something almost beyond the bounds of possibility.

Hornblower could only wait, as the days went by, in grim, bleak patience. At last the freakish wind blew again, from one point north of east, and they were able to hold their course, with topsails set again, heading steadily for the Antilles, reeling off as much as six knots hour after hour.

Now, as they approached the islands, they saw more sails, but they were only inter-island sloops trading between the Leeward Islands and Trinidad. A square-rigger seen on the horizon roused momentary excitement, but she was not the Daring.

The voyage was nearly completed; Hornblower heard the cry of land from the mast-head lookout. Grenada was in sight.

Now they were entering the waters where they could really expect to meet Daring; now the direction of the wind was of more importance than ever. It was blowing from the north-east, now, and that was helpful. It extinguished the very faint possibility that Daring might pass to the northward of Tobago instead of through the Tobago Channel.

"Daring's bound to make the same landfall, My Lord," said Gerard, "and by daylight if she can."

"We can hope for it, at least," said Hornblower. "I think, Mr. Harcourt, that we can safely hold our course for Point Galera."

Now was the worst period of waiting, of wondering whether the whole voyage might not prove to be a fool's errand, patrolling, beating up to within sight of Trinidad and then going about and reaching past Tobago again towards Grenada. Waiting was bad; if the voyage should not turn out to be a fool's errand it meant something that Hornblower, and Hornblower alone, knew to be worse.

Gerard raised the question again. "How do you propose to stop him, My Lord?"

"There may be means," answered Hornblower, trying to keep the harshness out of his voice that would betray his anxiety. . . .

It was on a blue and gold, blazing day, with Crab ghosting along before only the faintest breeze, that the mast-head lookout hailed the deck with the news of the sighting.

"Sail ho! Dead to loo'ard, sir!"

A sail might be anything, but at long intervals, as Crab crept closer, the successive reports made it more and more likely that the strange sail was Daring. Three masts—even that first supplementary report made it reasonably sure, for not many big ships plied out into the South Atlantic from the Caribbean. All sail set, even skysails, and stu'ns'ls to the royals. That did not mean quite so much.

"She looks like an American, sir."

The skysails had already hinted strongly in the same direction. Then Harcourt went up to the mainmast head with his own glass, and came down again with his eyes shining with excitement.

"That's Daring, My Lord. I'm sure of it."

To be concluded next week

"As a matter of fact, they're doing you a great honour. Generally they don't go near visitors"

MY BROTHER GEORGE

See page 37

George Melachrino, the conductor, is Mr. Tony Melachrino's famous brother

WIN £750 CASH

OUTRIGHT for a Bullet THIS WEEK—or

£125 ALPS and RIVIERA HOLIDAY for TWO plus £650

YOUR TWO HOLIDAYS IN ONE...

By BEA *Viscount* to the snowy Alps for a week—then fly south for a week of Mediterranean sunshine

Bullets guests on the Riviera—Mr. and Mrs. Dicker of Bognor Regis

HUNDREDS of OTHER PRIZES

£50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 2 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 100 "Double Six" Prizes, 1,500 2-in-1 Awards with £1,000 Surprise

UNLIMITED FREE GIFTS —see details below

SEE where fun with words in Bullets can take you! To the bank with a huge cheque.... By air to Switzerland for a thrill-packed week at beautiful Montreux, on Lake Geneva.... Over the Alps to Nice for a week's revels in Riviera sunshine beside the blue Mediterranean.

Post your coupon below by Tuesday, June 11, for that fortune plus £125 Wonder Holiday for two —or the huge lump sum of £750!

HOW TO WIN—ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE"

HERE'S how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list on right. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright *Bullet*.

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality. 2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators. 3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed at 6d. per Bullet. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /&Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated July 6), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, June 27, for early news of Bullets No. 2,093 result.)

The Wonderful British	
Power Of The H-bomb	
Like A Lighthouse	
Out Of A Job	
Serving The Country	
Along That Leafy Lane	
The Glamour Faded And	
Wrecked Their Marriage	
There's Work To Do, So	
To Enjoy The Seaside	
At The Union Meeting	
A Perpetual Problem	
Little But Good	
In Jones's Garden	
Wicked Price	
Pie In The Sky	
Humiliating	
Ripples Of Laughter	
Lunacy	
In Search Of Sunshine	

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as usual.

The	Nations
Thanks To Mother's.....	
To Improve	
Ramshackle	
Pity The Poor.....	
What	Takes

ADDRESS ENTRY: Bullets 2,093, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99

HIS PENNY HITS THE GOLDEN JACKPOT

"BULLETS" No. 2,088—FIRST PRIZE, £500—or Holiday Cruise for Two plus £300: A. R. Radcliffe, 72 Alexandra Street, Ashton-under-Lyne:

Example: **Lesson Of The Strike**
Bullet: **Prices Climbing! Penny Dropping?**

£25: R. Moore, 8 Grasmere Drive, Weston-super-Mare: DOWN LOVERS' LANE —*Again*, ROUND OUR GARDEN-PATH!

£10: Mrs. M. Connelley, Abbey Cottage, Turvey, Beds: DRUNK WITH POWER—SCIENCE? COLD GERM "SNIFFS"!

OTHER AWARDS £9: Miss E. Parkinson, 20 Back Commons, Clitheroe, Lancs: IN UNO'S GARDEN—PATHS CONVERGING —"PATH" EMERGING? £8: F. G. Gore, 4/44 South Road, Birmingham: DUST AND COBWEBS—LETTING *In* "RISING SUN." £7: F. W. Lees, "The Studio," Fore Street, Hayle, Cornwall: TO LIVE IN TREASURE—ISLAND—"DISCOVER" *Yourself*, JOHN! £6: A. Tyson, 174 Priestman Street, Manningham, Bradford: A FEW MORE LOAVES AND—FISHES TODAY—BUT *Faith*—? £5: S. Gooing, 8 Knights Lane, Northampton: DOWN LOVERS' LANE—GRANDPA—SERVING BARMAID "MOONSHINE"! £5: J. D. Mitchell, 5 Muir Drive, Irvine: WORRIES—TAKE TOLL—TAKE STROLL! £5: Mrs. K. Wade, Queens Road, Earls Colne, Colchester: YOUTH OF OUR TIME—HEADSTRONG? HEARTS STOUT, TOO!

For ten winners of £2 10s. see Bullets Bulletin. 30 Prizes of £1 and 1,500 new 2-in-1 Awards have also been posted.

POST this £750 COUPON by TUES., JUNE 11

EXAMPLE	6d. PER "BULLET"
BULLET	
EX.	
B	
EX.	
B	
EX	
B	
EX.	
B	

EXTRA OPPORTUNITY—3 Bullets for 1s. ONLY

EX.	
B	
EX.	
B	
EX.	
B.	

2,093 Special Holiday Closing Postmark **TUES., JUNE 11**

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at the rate of 6d. per Bullet or 3s. 6d. for complete coupon

P.O. value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

To receive Prize Offer details and coupons for next three contests **FREE** mark X here.....

ENCLOSE THIS GIFT LABEL FOR

FREE £100,000 DICTIONARY

FINAL OFFER THIS WEEK

To qualify for £100,000 Guide to Bullets (winners providing over 1,000 hints), enclose coupon bearing 5 or more Bullets for Contest 2,093, fill in your name and address below and stick 2½d. stamp to the label for postage and packing.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

YOU MUST AFFIX 2½d. STAMP HERE for POSTAGE and PACKING

Blemishes ruined her social life...

now she's clear-skinned and confident

"Having had . . . to suffer spots . . . for many years (and, oh! what a way they have of appearing on one's face on special occasions), I have been really miserable," writes Mrs. G. of Alford, Lincs. "I bought . . . DDD . . . soon my spots disappeared."

DDD Quick-Action. DDD's antiseptics penetrate deep down to the *cause* of the trouble, quickly soothe pain and irritation; promote speedy healing. Keep liquid, non-staining, non-greasy DDD Prescription or DDD Balm, handy for eczema, boils, acne, blackheads, cold sores, and other common skin ailments. Send post card for free sample (Liquid or Balm) to Department 65 DDDCo.Ltd., Watford, Herts.

DDD

CLEARS SKIN TROUBLES FASTER

DDD Prescription 1/9½ 3/11 6/5 per bottle
DDD Balm 1/9½ 2/4
DDD Soap for sensitive skins 1/4

8-PAGE PULL-OUT RECIPE BOOKLET

ALL ABOUT FRUIT—ideas and recipes for wonderful ways to enjoy summer's delicious and health-giving abundance. Fresh Fruits; Fruit Drinks; Fruit Puddings, hot and cold; Fruit with Meat; High Summer Teas; Preserves and Pickles; Home-made Wines.

EXTRA! *inside every copy*

PLUS all these grand specials also in July EVERYWOMAN!

Meet Danny Kaye—in the first instalment of his fabulously entertaining life story.

Know your miracle-fabrics and finishes: how to choose and care for new synthetics.

The Industry Behind the Dobs: the business strategy of the London season.

ON SALE JUNE 6

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on this copy: Inland, 3d.; Abrowd. 2d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 6d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorised cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Roberts

Make sure of a good meal

with a traditional plate of

Fish & Chips

Henry Morgan—President of the National Federation of Fishfriers—has championed the cause of higher standards in fishfrying for many years.

A wonderful meal for everyone in the family,
that's fish and chips—deep fried, crisp and golden.
The very thought of them makes you want
to dash out to your fishfrier's for a shillings-worth or so.
There's no bother, no waste of time,
and it takes deep vats of hot, boiling fat to make
fish and chips the way you really like them.
Your local fishfrier is an expert,
a specialist chef who cooks nothing else.
That is why the fish and chips
you buy from the shop are as tasty
and as good as those you make at home.

So Easy to make!

So Economical!

Buy Fish Tomorrow!

THE CHEAPEST FIRST-CLASS FOOD MONEY CAN BUY!